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"LIBERTY, H[illegible]LINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

[From Rev. H. Winslow's lecture to the female teachers of this city, published in the Common School Journal.]

VIEWS AND MOTIVES OF THE TEACHER.

We cordially commend these valuable remarks also to the attention of parents.

Every teacher of youth is engaged in a very laborious, and often disheartening, and thankless employment. Often is he compelled to toil on, for months, without being able to exhibit any apparent fruits of his labor. He must be continually upon the stretch of anxiety, often torturing his invention to the utmost, to contrive how he may benefit his pupils, and after all be rewarded with no due appreciation of his labors. Neither parents nor children can see that he has either enriched their coffers, or spread their table, or embellished their wardrobe, or added to any of their earthly comforts or prospects.

It is, then, important, that he should sustain himself in his labors, by *taking exalted views of the dignity and responsibility of his calling*. This he will do if he considers—

I. The nature and value of the *material* on which he is called to operate. And what is that? Nothing other or less than a living, thinking, accountable, immortal *mind*—a *soul* made in the very image of the Creator himself, the crown and glory of his creation. The amount of care and pains due to a given work, is in proportion to the value of the material upon which the laborer operates, and the importance of the object contemplated. When the potter lays his hand upon a mass of coarse clay, to form it into a vessel, it is of some importance, but not of the highest importance, that he should execute it in the most perfect manner possible. Indeed a very severe and protracted application, to impart to the vessel the most delicate and finished touches, would well be judged misapplied labor;—because the material is coarse, cheap, unworthy of the labor, and soon to be destroyed.

When the carver fashions a block of wood into an image, and into various forms of beauty and ornament, it is of some importance that he should execute his work well. And especially when he operates upon mahogany, or some of the richer and more durable kinds of wood, to produce some exquisite and enduring exhibition of art, it is more important to bestow careful, and serious attention, than when he operates upon the cheaper and more perishable kinds of wood, and in view of an inferior object.

But when the sculptor selects his block of pure, white, solid marble, to chisel it into a statue to stand for ages as a monument of the character of the subject, and the skill of the artist, he justly considers that some of his highest efforts are demanded. He must think, study, plan with profoundest attention, to bring out the inward character and operations of his subject's mind, and impress them upon the marble; he must execute with the most untiring caution; one careless, random stroke, one unfortunate touch of the chisel, might ruin the work of years! Nor does the common voice of mankind pronounce this pains-taking misapplied. When Canova and other distinguished sculptors, modern and ancient, have devoted their lives, with enthusiastic homage, to their noble art—have travelled far and near, studied the finest models, consulted books, exhausted their resources,—to render themselves as perfect in their calling as possible, who is there in the civilized world, that does not honor them for having thus done? Splendid monuments of their genius, industry, acquirements, fame, and glory, have they left behind them to endure for ages to come. The same is true of the finished artist, who would live and breathe to the end of time upon the animated *canvass*.

Though he operates upon a less durable material, yet his subjects and his objects are the same as those of the sculptor, and if his work is well done and worthy to endure, posterity will copy, transmit, and perpetuate it, till the end of time. As long as the civilized world endures, will the works of Raphael and of Michael Angelo perish? Where is the man who does not now honor their memories, with a high tribute of admiration and gratitude, although through their earliest, their longest, their severest labors, they were unrewarded and uncheered?

But, after all, these are coarse, cheap, mean, perishable materials, and to operate upon them is an inferior employment, compared with the material on which the teacher operates, and the employment in which he is engaged. The finest, richest, noblest, most enduring, of all created objects beneath the stars, is the very material on which the teacher is called to expend his genius, industry, and skill. What is the purest and most transparent marble; what are gold and diamonds, on which such exquisite art is expended, compared with the human mind? Think of its God-like nature; think of its stupendous powers of thought, feeling, action, enjoyment and suffering; think of its high responsibilities; think of its immortality! Long, long ages, after all these material monuments of skill and glory, shall have crumbled and perished, will that mind endure. And what though you should seem for a time to labor upon it, with little success, and with less reward? consider that you are doing a work to last for ever—a work, which, if well done, will surely be fully appreciated and rewarded at a future period.

2. It will seem to enhance the teacher's estimation of his calling, to consider, that he is not only operating upon the most precious of materials, and for the most glorious of objects, but that he is acting upon it at the most interesting and decisive *period* of its existence. He has the charge of it, in its formative state. To him, next to the parent, is committed the honor and responsibility of moulding and fashioning the elements of the mind, and of giving to it its future direction.

To change our form of illustration. The young mind is often compared, very properly, to the shoot or twig, which is just putting forth. To cultivate and nourish that young shoot, and to direct its future growth, is a much more responsible, delicate, and important task, than any thing which can be done to the matured and full-grown tree. Who has not heard the trite saying, so trite because so true?—

'Tis Education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.'

It depends then, eminently, upon the first teachers of the infant mind, whether that mind shall shoot up erect and beautiful, towards heaven, or whether it shall be of crooked and unsightly growth. If to operate upon *mature* minds, is a responsible and dignified calling; if to prune, and dress, and do the best you can with a full-grown, and perhaps deformed and ugly tree, is a good and important work; can less be said of the culture and direction of the infant mind? Little causes put into operation in the young mind, produce great and lasting results. Every look, every word, every action of the teacher, in presence of the young pupil, makes an impression on his mind; aye, and the deepest, and most enduring, and effective impression ever made there. Whatever is now lodged in the memory will be the longest remembered; the first to enter, it will be the last to leave. Whatever sentiments are now wrought into the heart, will be most unwilling ever to forsake it, and will do most toward determining its future character. Whatever principles are now inculcated, will be most likely to become the fixed and permanent principles of life. Whatever habits are now formed, will be most natural, most abiding, most unconquerable. Consider well what a living, active, observing, acquiring thing, that little mind is. While its powers are all green, fresh, full of life and enterprise, the universe is all new to it. Never does the mind, during any ten years of its existence, learn so much as during the first ten, and never does the knowledge, subsequently acquired, exert in the natural course of things, so decisive an influence over its future character and destiny.

The thoughts and sentiments which you sow in that young mind, though they may seem for a time to lie buried there, will spring up and grow hereafter. This is true, not only in respect to its religious character, but also in respect to its specific tastes, inclinations, habits, and pursuits in life. Whether that mind shall aspire to something great, or be content with mediocrity; whether it shall incline to industry or to indolence; whether it shall be a lover of self-indulgence, or a lover of noble deeds; whether it shall be modest and amiable, or conceited and ill-natured; whether it shall be humane and generous, or sordid and selfish;—depends, certainly, not less upon its early teachers, than upon the gifts of nature. What an honor, what an responsibility, then, to be charged with the instruction of infant minds!

VISITATION OF THE SICK.

There are two classes of men to whom the world presents itself in an aspect which is hid from the mass of mankind. The physician and the pastor look on men from a prospect-ground peculiarly their own. They see man not in the might of mind, or in the vigor of his frame, when he comes out in the morning the fair handy-work of Heaven, and conscious sovereign of all under God. They look on him in prostration and misery; visit him when under the depression of grief, and in the impatience and feverishness of pain, they hear all his repinings—see all his weaknesses and tears, and know better than others, how poor and humble a thing he comes to be before he dies. They see him not in the touching grace and attitude of the sublime Apollo, but in the recumbent and distorted posture of the suffering Laocoon. Others walk on the surface of society,—they penetrate to the core. And it is like being conversant with different worlds. Without and in the streets, all is hilarity and joy of heart, and the gay spirit of life predominates. But it is only the opening of a door, or the stepping into a cellar, and the scene is all changed. Man, the goodly child of Heaven, the fellow of him who was seen in all the alertness and joy of life, made after the same pattern, and breathed into by the same Spirit, is laid out in languishment and death, too poor for aught but pity, his sinking pulse and laboring heart betokening how little of the little span is left him.

To these scenes, both come on the work of benevolence, but they occupy different departments. The curer of the body, knows his toils and anxieties. Let him *first* do his work and begone. Oh, then, to sit down by the bedside, at the moment when the physician shakes his head and retires, and all that is seen and heard, betokens that the sick is given over; at that moment of wound up interest, to press gently the wasted hand, and if the sick be a child of God, to make the skilful application of the Gospel's comforts; to select and present the chapters which the Spirit has written for the dying; to tell of the rod and staff of Jehovah to comfort; and how precious in his eyes is the death of his saints; or if he be not a child of God, cautiously to alarm, and gently to press home the frequent invitation, the encouraging promise, the riches of the Father's tender mercies, and the impressive testimonies of the Savior's love; with these and with the fearful alternatives, to win, if he can, the poor soul, whose night is just at hand. What a task! Yet this must he do, and continue to do, as he has opportunity, till the latest coming and decisive token of death sits upon the body, till the ear has lost its hearing, and the soul's last signal light is withdrawn. In doing this, he shall clear his own soul, assist God's children in their last conflicts, and peradventure pluck brands from the burning.

If the whole system of Christianity be not a tissue of error, if the doctrines of depravity, repentance, and redemption through faith in another, have the testimony of the Bible, and be not the dogmas of a sect, if it be not a delusion, that impenitence and neglect of the Gospel, jeopard the soul, if all the apprehensions that darken and distract the sick man's mind, be not of superstition's creating, if it be not the dream of delirium, that there are those who lie on their last made bed, without hope and without God, if it be not a wild and headlong fanaticism to meddle with a man's last hours, and to converse with him on the things that belong to the sweetness of his sleep in death and the peace of his soul in eternity, but if it be a duty, solemn and imperative, then is it the most interesting, the most delicate, the most trying to the spirit, the fullest of anxieties and perils of all that can fall under the office of a servant of Christ. It is like standing on the nearest brink of eternity, and conversing with the spirit of another world. And if an intense and alarming anxiety did not preside over the whole scene, we should call it the most sublime on this side of the grave. But it offers no leisure for contemplation; it is all a scene of hurried action. No step, then taken, can be retraced, no word spoken, recalled. What is done, must be done quickly. There is no time for consultation or experiment, but he who undertakes the work, must apply hastily his glass and spy out every delusion and false refuge of the soul. He must be acquainted with all the folds and entanglements of the heart, and study the whole anatomy of that wounded spirit which he seeks to cure. 'Who is sufficient for these things?' All of which must be done, if he would save himself and them that hear him. *Nevins.*

The following is the concluding passage of Mr Miles' appropriate and impressive sermon on the death of the Hon. Luther Lawrence.

To the events of the last few days I hardly dare trust myself to allude. They have come upon us with such overwhelming suddenness that we feel like saying—The Lord hath passed before us. Be still.

That the honored form, which, only one week since, was bowed reverently in worship in this Temple, is now the tenant of a distant tomb—how affecting beyond our power to express!

And now although so many of us have been witnesses of the mournful scenes which an event like this occasions, and have paid the last tribute of respect to his mortal remains, yet how hard it is to realize that we shall here see him no more, and that the places that have known him will know him no more forever.

It belongs not to this place to praise the dead. And of him a worthier memorial is written in a life, uniformly marked with traits that secured to him the respect and highest confidence of all, and it is treasured up imperishable in faithful hearts. With what purity and uprightness, of private life, with what conscientiousness and fidelity in numerous public trusts, he had his walk before God, is known to you all. The kind Neighbor, the useful Citizen, the trusty Counsellor, the judicious Friend in whom the widow and the fatherless often confided, the devoted and efficient public Officer, he filled all stations with strict integrity of purpose. Sincere in his manners, frank in his address, firm and faithful in his friendships, how many had he bound, to his generous, manly heart. By his large circle of acquaintances, by us of this society with whom he worshipped, by numerous public institutions of which he was an active member and supporter, by this city—its able executive head—too deeply for our poor words to describe, will his loss be felt. Of his own family and kindred we may not here speak. Sacred is the sanctuary of their grief. Hearts there are that feel for them, and prayers there are that go up to Him, who pitieth his stricken children.

And now, brethren, in the midst of his strength, and in the very height of his usefulness he has been in a moment called away; by one of those visitations of God's most holy hand to which we are at any time exposed, and which only five days since we should have thought would have fallen upon any one of us, as soon as upon him. To those many names, fresh in your memories, of those who have here been suddenly taken hence, yet another is now added. O that we were wise, that we understood this, that we would consider our latter end.

THE ARABS.

Genesis xvi. 12.—'And he will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him.'

About midnight (the soldiers being in the head of the caravan) the Arabs assailed our rear; the clamor was great; and the passengers, together with their leaders, fled from their enemies; I, and my companion, imagining the noise to be only an encouragement unto one another, were left alone, yet preserved from violence. They carried away with them divers mules and asses laden with drugs, and abandoned by their owners, not daring to stay too long, nor cumber themselves with too much luggage, for fear of the soldiers. These are descended from Ishmael, called also Saracens, of *Sara*, which signifieth a desert and *saken*, to inhabit; and not only of the place, but of the manner of their lives, for *Sarack* imports as much as a thief, being given from the beginning, as now, unto theft and rapine. They dwell in tents, which they remove like walking cities, for opportunity of prey and benefit of pasturage. They acknowledge no sovereign: not worth the conquering, nor can they be conquered, retiring to places impassable for armies, by reason of the rolling sands and penury of all things: a nation from the beginning unmixed with others, boasting of their nobility, and, at this day, hating all mechanical sciences. They hang about the skirts of the habitable countries; and, having robbed, retire with a marvellous celerity.—Those that are not detested persons frequent the neighboring villages for provision; and traffic without molestation, they not daring to intreat them evlly. They are of mean statures, raw-boned, tawny, having feminine voices, of a swift and noiseless pace, behind you, ere aware of them. Their religion is Mohammedanism, glorying in that the impostor was their countryman, their language extending as far as that religion extendeth. They ride on swift horses, not mishapen, though lean, and patient of labor: they feed them twice a-day with the milk of camels; nor are they esteemed, if not of sufficient speed to overtake an ostrich.—*Sandy's Travels.*

MOUNT TABOR, THE SCENE OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Matthew xvii, 1, 2,—'And after six days, Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them.'

Mount Tabor stands perfectly isolated, rising alone from the plain in a round tapering form, like a truncated cone, to the height of 3000 feet, covered with trees, grass, and wild flowers from the base to its summit, and presenting the combination so rarely found in natural scenery of the bold and the beautiful. At 12 o'clock we were at the miserable village of Deborah, at the foot of the mountain, supposed to be the place where Deborah the prophetess, who then judged Israel, and Barak and 'ten thousand men after him, descended upon Sisera, and discomfitted him and all his chariots, even nine hundred chariots of iron, and all the people that were with him.' The men and boys had all gone out to their daily labor, and we tried to persuade a woman to guide us to the top of the mountain, but she turned away with contempt; and having had some practice in climbing, we moved around its sides until we found a regular path, and ascended nearly to the top without dismounting. The path wound around the mountain, and gave us a view from all its different sides, every step presenting something new, and more and more beautiful, until all was completely forgotten, and lost in the exceeding loveliness of the view from the summit. Stripped of every association, and considered merely as an elevation commanding a view of unknown valleys and mountains, I never saw a mountain which, for beauty of scene, better repaid the toil of ascending it; and I need not say what an interest was given to every feature when we saw in the valley beneath the large plain of Jezreel, the great battle-ground of nations; on the south the supposed range of Hermon, with whose dews the Psalmist compares the 'pleasantness of brethren dwelling together in unity;' beyond, the ruined village of Endor, where dwelled the witch who raised up the prophet Samuel; and near it the little city of Nain, where our Savior raised from the dead, the widow's son; on the east, the mountains of Gilboa, 'where Saul and his armor-bearer, and his three sons, fell upon their swords, to save themselves from falling into the hands of the Philistines;' beyond, the Sea of Galilee, or Lake Genesareth, the theatre of our Savior's miracles, where in the fourth watch of the night, he appeared to his terrified disciples walking on the face of the waters; and to the north on a lofty eminence, high above the top of Tabor, the city of Saphael, supposed to be the ancient Bethulia, alluded to in the words, 'a city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.'—*Stephens' Incidents of Travel in the Holy land, Edom.*

WEANING OF CHILDREN IN THE EAST.

Genesis xxi. 8.—'And the child grew, and was weaned; and Abraham made a great feast the same day that Isaac was weaned.'

On the day that the child is to be weaned, they carry it to the mosque (in the manner perhaps that Hannah took Samuel to the house of the Lord when she had weaned him, 1 Sam. i. 29:) and, after having performed certain acts of devotion, they return home; and collecting their friends and relations, they give a feast, of which they make the child also partake. The coincidence with Scripture is here remarkable.—*Morier's second Journey through Persia, &c.*

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS TEMPERANCE TOCIETY.

This ancient society held its twenty seventh annual meeting for business in the Old Court House, Friday evening, May 30th, 1839—the President, John, C. Warren in the chair.

The records of the last annual meeting having been read, the Annual Report of the Council for the past year was read. It was voted 'to accept it, and that it should be printed.'

The Treasurer, Charles Tappan, next made a report on the treasury which was accepted.

The following resolutions were then presented and adopted.

Resolved, That the law of 1838 deserves our support. The principles are fully established, viz: that the retail traffic in spirituous liquors in small quantities is injurious to individuals, to families, and to communities—and that it is the duty of legislators to make such laws as will effectually abate such 'nuisance.'

Resolved, That the friends of Temperance must regard the present as a most important time in this cause. Never was public attention more strongly awakened to its interests, and never was the prospect brighter of its widest success.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, the following declaration contained in a minority report of the committee of the Legislature of 1839, on the 'Law regulating the sale of spirituous liquors,' of 1838, is sound doctrine, viz:

'All common dram-shops are hereby declared to be public nuisances, and it shall be the duty of the selectmen of any town, and of the Mayor and Aldermen of any city to provide against any common dram-shop within such town or city, and the person or persons keeping the same in the same manner that a board of health or health officers is authorized by the Revised Statutes to proceed in the prosecution for and removal of nuisances, sources of filth and causes of sickness.' Sec. 4 p 27.

The third resolution was supported by Messrs. Rider of Bridgewater, and James Savage of Boston, in addresses, giving at length the arguments for the law, and its whole claims for support. These addresses were listened to with the deepest interest and the strongest feeling manifested to sustain the law. No question was made that it would be executed, and its whole benefit to individuals and communities were eloquently shown.

The next resolution was as follows:—

Resolved, That those individuals who, amid the reproach and obloquy which have been cast upon them by the opponents of the law of 1838, with great labor and self-sacrifice are exerting themselves to enforce said law, are well deserving the approbation and gratitude of every friend of temperance.

This was carried by acclamation as soon as it was presented; and when the President observed upon reading the resolution that it had been adopted before the question had been put, and a vote was made unnecessary, the strongest expression was again manifested of approbation of the sentiment it contained.

Alden Bradford offered the following resolution.

Resolved, That we learn with great pleasure, that the Friends of Temperance in this city, propose to celebrate the ensuing 4th of July on Temperance principles, by a public dinner at Faneuil Hall, and that we hope that Temperance celebrations of the day may be held throughout the Commonwealth.

Mr Bradford made an earnest and eloquent appeal in favor of the doctrines and practice of Temperance.—He spoke of that political Revolution which had brought political freedom, with all its privileges and blessings, to the American people, and alluded to the place, old Faneuil Hall, which had been the scene of the earliest and to us, dearest, movements of that Revolution. We now proposed, he observed, to consecrate that Hall, and the day of the Declaration of Independence, to a celebration of the moral freedom with which the Temperance Reform has already blessed our land,—and to earnest prayer that this truest freedom may rapidly become the cherished blessing of the whole nation.

In remarking on this meeting it should be said, that it was one of, if not the fullest meeting for business, known in the history of the Society. It must have been truly grateful to every one present to hear such unqualified approbation of the cause, and of the means now in operation for its progress, as it came from men deserving the fullest confidence of the community, and to witness the expression of gratification with which important truths were received.

It was acknowledged, in the course of the discussions of the evening, that some misgivings had been entertained, some doubts, some fears, as to particular measures which had been adopted in the course of the Reform. But it was as freely and fully declared that these doubts and fears had been entirely put at rest—that new confidence in the cause came with the events of every day—that opposition, however violent had only led to greater vigilance—to new examination of principles—to better views as to modes of applying them—in short, that conviction had been strengthened by time, and resolution confirmed, to pursue that course which experience had demonstrated to be the right, the true one.

The friends of Temperance every where are encouraged in duty by all such enunciations. They are important facts in the history of moral reform. They urge it upon us to labor to carry the light and the truth to every mind,—they show us that we are to rejoice in the new light which comes to us, whatever may be its source.—This reform regards all men as brethren. It began with this truth as its corner stone. It will never lose sight of it in its onward way. It has taken its place among the agencies and means which propose the highest good to men. It is the duty of all good men to sustain it there.

The Society was organized for the ensuing year as follows:—

John C. Warren, *President.*
Samuel Dorr, *Vice President.*†
Walter Channing, *Secretary.*
Charles Tappan, *Treasurer.*

COUNCILLORS.

Moses Grant,
Charles Brown,
Stephen Fairbanks,
Henry Edwards.

†Jonathan Phillips declined re-election.

[From the United States Gazette.]

A MONUMENT TO A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

The death of a friend who never spared a fault of my character, nor found a virtue which he did not praise, had cast a gloom over my mind, which no previous deprivation had produced. I remember how sceptical and heart-smitten, not heart-broken, (the broken heart always believes,) I stood at his grave, while the clergyman touched too little on his virtues, and spoke with a humble confidenee, that he would spring from the tomb to an immortality of happiness: and suggested the promises of scripture, and argued with logical precision, from texts and analogies, that my friend should rise from the dead. Despondency is not more the child than the parent of unbelief, deep grief makes us selfish, and the naturally timid and nervous lose that confidence in promises, including their own particular wish, which they yield to them, when the benefits of others are alone proposed. A little learning is dangerous in such matters; we suffer a mental argument, upon the probability of an event which we so much desire, to displace the simple faith which would have produced comparative happiness. Those who have contended with, and at length yielded to this despondency, alone know its painful operation.

Occupied with thoughts resulting from such an unpleasant train of mind, I followed into a burying ground, in the suburbs of the city, a small train of persons, not more than a dozen, who had come to bury one of their acquaintance. The clergyman in attendance was leading a little boy by the hand, who seemed to be the only relative of the deceased in the slender group. I gathered with them round the grave, and when the plain coffin was lowered down, the child burst forth in uncontrollable grief. The little fellow had no one left to whom he could look for affection, or who could address him in tones of parental kindness. —The last of his kinsfolk was in the grave, and he was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the clergyman addressed us with the customary exhortation to accept the admonition, and be prepared; and turning to the child, he added; 'She is not to remain in this grave forever; as true as the grass which is now chilled with the frost of the season, shall spring to greenness and life in a few months, so true shall your mother come up from the grave to another life, to a life of happiness, I hope.' The attendants shovelled in the earth upon the coffin and some one took little William, the child, by the hand, and led him forth from the lowly habitation of his mother.

Late in the ensuing spring, I was in the neighborhood of the same burying ground, and seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves for some time, reading the names of the dead, and wondering what strange disease could snatch off so many younger than myself when recollecting that I was near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous autumn, I turned to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly friends. To my surprise, I found the most desirable of all mementos for a mother's sepulchre, little William was sitting near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently upon some green shoots that had come forth with the warmth of spring, from the soil that covered his mother's coffin.

William started at my approach, and would have left the place; it was long before I could induce him to tarry; and indeed I did not win his confidence, until I told him that I was present when they buried his mother, and had marked his tears at the time.

'Then you heard the minister say, that my mother would come up out of this grave,' said little William.

'I did.'

'It is true, is it not?' asked he, in a tone of confidence.

'Most firmly I believe it,' said I.

'Believe it,' said the child, 'believe it, I thought you knew it. I know it.'

'How do you know it, my dear?'

'The minister said, that as true as the grass would grow up, and the flowers bloom in spring, so true would my mother rise. I came a few days afterwards, and planted a flower seed on the grave. The grass came green in this burying ground long ago; and I watched every day for the flowers, and to-day they have come up too, see them breaking through the ground; by and by mammy will come again.'

A smile of exulting joy played on the features of the boy; and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence with which he was animated.

'But my little child,' said I, 'it is not here that your poor mother will rise.'

'Yes here,' said he, with emphasis, 'here they placed her, and here I have come ever since the first blade of grass was green this year.'

I looked around and saw that the tiny feet of the child had trod out the herbage at the grave side, so constant had been his attendance. What a faithful watch keeper! what mother would desre a richer monument than the form of her only son bending tearful, but hoping, over her grave?

'But William,' said I, 'it is in another world that she will arise.' And I attempted to explain to him the nature of the promise which he had mistaken. The child was confused, and he appeared neither pleased nor satisfied.

'If mammy is not coming back to me, if she is not to come up here, what shall I do, I cannot stay without her.'

'You shall go to her,' said I, adopting the language of the Scripture,' you shall go to her, but she shall not come to you.'

'Let me go then,' said William, 'let me go now that I may rise with mammy.'

'William,' said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, 'the seed which is sown there, would not have come up, if it had not been ripe; so you must wait till your appointed time, until your end cometh.'

'Then I shall see her!'

'I surely hope so.'

'I will wait then; but I thought I should see her soon, I thought I should meet her here.'

And he did. In a month, William ceased to wait; and they opened his mother's grave, and placed his little coffin on hers, it was the only wish the child expressed in dying. Better teachers than I had instructed him in the way to meet his mother; and young as the little sufferer was, he had learned that all labors and hopes of happiness, short of Heaven, are profitless and vain.

CHARACTER OF FRANKLIN.

BY LORD BROUGHAM.

One of the most remarkable men certainly of our time as a politician, or of any age as a philosopher was Franklin; who also stands alone in combining these two characters, the greatest that men can sustain, and in this, that having borne the first part in enlarging science by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, he bore the second part in founding one of the greatest empires in the world.

In this truly great man everything seems to concur that goes towards the constitution of exalted merit. First he was the architect of his own fortune. Born in the humblest station, he raised himself by his talents and his industry, first to the place in society which may be attained with the help of ordinary abilities, great application, and good luck; but next to the loftier heights which a daring and happy genius only scale; and the poor printer's boy, who at one period of his life had no covering to shelter his head from the dews of night, rent in twain the proud dominion of England, and lived to be the ambassador of a Commonwealth which he had formed, at the Court of the haughty Monarchs of France who had been his allies.

Then, he had been tried by prosperity as well as adverse fortune, and had passed unhurt through the perils of both. No ordinary apprentice, no common-place journeyman, ever laid the foundation of his independence and habits of industry and temperance more deep

than he did, whose genius was afterwards to rank him with the Galileos and the Newtons of the old world. No patrician born to shine in Courts or assist at the councils of monarchs, ever bore his honors in a lofty station more easily, or was less spoilt by the enjoyment of them, than this common workman did when negociating with royal representatives, or caressed by all the beauty and fashion of the most brilliant Court in Europe.

Again, he was self taught in all he knew.—His hours of study were stolen from those of sleep and of meals, or gained by some ingenious contrivance for reading while the work of his daily calling went on. Assisted by none of the helps which affluence tenders to the studies of the rich, he had to supply the place of tutors by redoubled diligence, and of commentaries by repeated perusal. Nay, the possession of books was to be obtained by copying what the art which he himself exercised furnished easily to others.

Next, the circumstances under which others succumb he made to yield, and bent to his own purposes—a successful leader of a revolt that ended in complete triumph after appearing desperate for years, a great discoverer in philosophy without the ordinary helps to knowledge; a writer famed for his chaste style without a classical education; a skilful negociator, though never bred to politics; ending as a favorite, nay, a pattern of fashion, when the guest of frivolous Courts, the life which he had begun in garrets, and in workshops.

Lastly, combinations of faculties, in others deemed impossible, appeared easy and natural in him. The philosopher, delighting in speculation, was also eminently a man of action. Ingenious reasoning, refined and subtle consultation, were in him combined with prompt resolution and inflexible firmness of purpose. To a lively fancy, he joined a learned and deep reflection; his original and inventive genius stooped to the convenient alliance of the most ordinary prudence in every-day affairs, the mind that soared above the clouds, and was conversant with the loftiest of human contemplations, disdained not to make proverbs and feigned parables for the guidance of apprenticed youths and servile maidens; and the hands that sketched a free constitution for a whole continent, or drew down the lightning from the heavens, easily and cheerfully lent themselves to simplify the aparatus by which truths were to be illustrated; or discoveries pursued.

His whole course both in acting and in speculation was simple and plain, ever preferring the easiest and shortest road, nor ever having recourse to any but the simplest means to compass his ends. His policy rejected all refinements, and aimed at accomplishing its purposes by the most rational and obvious expedients. His language was unadorned, and used as the medium of communicating his thoughts, not of raising admiration; but it was pure, expressive, racy. His manner of reasoning was manly and cogent, the address of a rational being to others of the same order; and so concise, that, preferring decision to discussion, he never exceeded a quarter of an hour in any public address. His correspondence upon business, whether private or on State affairs, is a model of clearness and compendious shortness; nor can any State papers surpass in dignity and impression those of which he is believed to have been the author in the earlier part of the American revolutionary war. His mode of philosophising was the purest application of the inductive principle, so eminently adapted to his nature, and so clearly dictated by common sense, that we can have little doubt it would have been suggested by Franklin, if it had not been unfolded by Bacon, though it is as clear that in this case it would have been expounded in far more simple terms But of this great man's scientific excellencies, the most remarkable is the smallness, the simplicity, the apparent inadequacy, of the means which he employed in his experimental researches. His discoveries were made with hardly any apparatus at all; and if, at any time, he had been led to employ instruments of a somewhat less ordinary description, he never rested satisfied until he had as it were, afterwards translated the process, by resolving the problem with such simple machinery that you might say he had done it wholly unaided by apparatus. The experiments by which the identity of lightning and electricity was demonstrated, were made with a sheet of brown paper, a bit of twine, a silk thread, and an iron key.

Upon the integrity of this great man, whether in public or in private life, there rests no stain. Strictly honest, and even scrupulously punctual, in all his dealings he preserved in the highest fortune that regularity which he had practised as well as inculcated in the lowest. The phrase which he once used when interrupted in his proceedings upon the most arduous and important affairs, by a demand of some petty item in a long account—'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treads out the corn'—has been cited against him as proving the laxity of his dealings when in trust of public money; it plainly proves the reverse; for he well knew that in a country abounding in discussion, and full of bitter personal animosities, nothing could be gained of immunity by refusing to produce his vouchers at the fitting time; and his venturing to use such language demonstrates that he knew his conduct to be really above all suspicion.

In domestic life he was faultless, and in the intercourse of society delightful. There was a constant good humor and a playful wit, easy, and of high relish, without any ambition to shine, the natural fruit of his lively fancy, his solid, natural good sense, and his cheerful temper, that gave his conversation an unspeakable charm, and alike suited every circle, from the humblest to the most elevated. With all his strong opinions, so often solemnly declared, so imperishably recorded in his deeds, he retained a tolerance for those who differed with him, which could not be surpassed in men whose principles hang so loosely about them as to be taken up for a convenient cloak, and laid down when found to impede their progress. In his family he was everything that worth, warm affections, and sound prudence could contribute, to make a man both useful and amiable, respected and beloved. In religion, he would by many be reckoned a latitudinarian; yet it is certain that his mind was imdued with a deep sense of the Divine perfections, a constant impression of our accountable nature, and a lively hope of future enjoyment. Accordingly, his death-bed, the test of both faith and works, was easy and placid, resigned and devout; and indicated at once an unflinching retrospect of the past, and a comfortable assurance of the future.

Men who think least, generally talk most.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

COUNCILLORS OF THE A. U. A.

The annual meeting of this Board was held at the Berry St. vestry on the 30th ult. The Hon. Judge Rogers was chosen Chairman, and the Rev. J. W. Thompson, Secretary, for the year ensuing. The By-Laws reported by a committee of the last year were adopted. The following members were appointed on the Standing Committees.

On Finance—George Bond Esq, Samuel Greele Esq, Rev. S. K. Lothrop, N. A. Barrett Esq, Samuel May Esq.

On Missions—Rev. Henry Ware Jr. D. D., Rev Francis Parkman D. D, Rev. A. B. Muzzy, Albert Fearing Esq., Hon. Rich. Sullivan.

On Parishes—Rev. James Walker D. D., Hon. Jonathan Phillips, Rev. E. S. Gannett Rev Samuel Barrett, William Pomeroy Esq.

On Tracts—Francis O. Watts Esq., Rev. George Ripley, Rev. Ephraim Peabody, C. K. Dillaway Esq, Rev. C. Francis D. D.

On the celebration of the Anniversary—Rev. Alexander Young, Rev. Charles Briggs, William Brigham Esq., Hon. Sidney Willard, Rev. Alonzo Hill.

An excellent feeling animated this meeting. The duties of Unitarians in this quarter towards their brethren at the West, and the encouragements to renewed exertions in the good work already begun, these constituted the principal topic of remark. On this subject the meeting was addressed by Drs. Walker, Ware, Francis, and Kendall, Rev Messrs, Ripley, Stetson, Thomas, Muzzey, and Thompson, Richard Sullivan, S. Greele and S. Fairbanks Esquires.

But one opinion was expressed as to the importance and duty of sustaining our cause in those remote places where it has been adopted and where a permanent ministration of the word of life is earnestly desired and sought. The Rev. Mr. Ripley (who visited the West as a misionary during the last year) called the attention of the Board to a propostiion for establishing a missionary agent in one of the cities of the west whose duty should be to visit in succession all our societies in the western states already formed, or that may be formed, strengthening them by his preaching. making himself acquainted with their circumstances, and exerting himself in every just way to build them up. This proposition met a hearty acceptance. Whereupon the Rev. Dr. Ware Jr. introduced the following Resolution which was *unanimously* adopted.

Resolved—that in the opinion of this Council a permanent agent of the Association ought to be placed at the West as soon as circumstances permit: and that the Executive Commitee be requested to give their attention to an early provision for this purpose.

It is matter of rejoicing that a Resolution of this kind was carried not only with entire unanimity but with a degree of enthusiasm rarely witnessed. We are going on, blessed be God, with a resolute spirit, with a spirit, we trust, akin to that of the primitive heralds of the Gospel—with one mind and with one heart, notwithstanding all the predictions of friends and foes to the contrary, we are going on to the accomplishment of a great work in this our day; and our efforts will not cease until churches of our faith adorn every city and town in our country, and the truth as it is in Jesus becomes light and nourishment to all our people. Let not our friends despond. Let not our adversaries too soon exult.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'Pray then for daughters, ye wise mothers pray,
'They shall reward your love, not make you grey
'Before your time with sorrow.'—*Churchill's Times.*

June 2nd, 1839.—Truth and woman should be if they *are* not synomymous terms, and perhaps that is the reason, why, in mingling as I often do, for a moment, whether from accident or choice, in the fashionable world; the retinue and affectation of manner, observable in extremely youthful females, strikes me more disagreeably, more painfully indeed, than the downright folly or contemptible uselessness of the young man. I pass the youth whose earliest talents, and dearest opportunities, are devoted exclusively to the Beacon street pave, or the most fashionable Gallery of the Arts, with a curled lip and down-cast eye. 'Ah well! young man, thou art perverting the highest energies, the best capacities of thy nature, thou art treading in the footsteps of thousands lured on by the airiest phantom, the vainest shadow that ever deluded mortal! Thou art wise in thine own conceit, but such wisdom, luckily for thy kind in general, and for thyself in particular, is incapable of great achievements, in either a good or evil cause. Thou wilt awake from thy dream, and with wasted hours to regret, wilt commence a new search for something better; so much as I may pity thy present abject condition, I must live in the hope of thy happy resurrection—for how often is man a Beau Brummel at fifty? But for woman—the plaything of an hour, the arbitress of a cotillion, the graceful idol, whose shrine crumbles and decays as years roll on, and the bounds of the spirit are more and more narrowly restricted, till the sacred fane is polluted by the presence of the idle, the dissolute, the thoughtless and the profane—for woman what can I say?

My heart beats too quick for the lip to curl, and I gaze after her, who should be the nurse of the virtues, with a tear-dimmed eye, and an anxiety for the welfare of my country which I seldom experience. Yes! for the welfare of my country! Every school-girl with her satchel dangling at her shoulder, every maiden fresh from the Eleusinian mysteries of the Greek and Latin grammars, every belle radiant with the reflected brilliancy of compliment or badinage has, or is soon to have, the child's, the sister's, wife's or mother's influence, exercises or must soon exercise the woman's power! Shall it be exercised for good or for evil; in the cause of justice, or in that of oppression; in behalf of innocence, or in defence of guilt? How sad to see the lips which humanity's softest affections have moulded, smiling encouragement to calumny, or uttering the deepest and most malignant falsehood, with ready fluency? How painful to hear the voice whose melting melody sends a thrill through the frame, uplifting itself in eager and envious detraction, or drowning the few words of unvarnished truth, which vibrates too painfully upon the long silent chords of the heart! How hard to see the young, the beautiful, the bright, rushing onwards in the path to destruction, yet witheld the warning word; to see the frame which was meant to be a habitation worthy the immortal spirit, tortured into disproportion by the modiste, lest in its untutored simplicity, it should fail to atone for the deficiency of intellect, or the neglect of education. Oh! how more than sad, it is to think that so many who have been born, forget that they must die, that so many of those who are living, now forget that they must live forever. Is it possible that the woman can exist whose heart has been untouched by the spirit of the falling leaf, of the crimsoning sky, or the herbage glittering with fluid brilliants, whose spirit has never been gladdened or excited to its Maker's praise, by the gorgeous beauty of the long summer days, when the very sun, enamored of the loveliness of creation, cannot tear itself from the embraces of our planet, but compelled, at last, by the immutable laws of God to sink slowly from the sight, leaves in the glowing west, a net work of fantifully tinted and strangely clustered clouds, as the remembrance of his presence, and the prophet of his speedy return, ere the milder moon has tired of her new empire, or her silvery rays usurped his place in the memories of mankind? It is, and we have but to mourn the obduracy of that soul, which is not touched by the gentle, which cannot tremble at the terrible in nature. But how does she, who spurns all that appertains to her proper employments, and devotes herself to frivolous and aimless pursuits, excuse her inefficiency, account for her unnatural flightiness? Unnatural I say, for in every female's heart there is a well of up-gushing tenderness, of deep springing affections, whose easy and graceful flow, long continued exertion and persevering effort are requisite to check. Good sense, capability and earnest striving for the right, she says, have no attraction for the youth of the other sex; we must imitate the persiflage of European manners, imitate all that constitutes the charm of foreign society, if we wish to please. Vain the excuse! Who fondles the boy upon the knee, or teaches the stripling who has mastered syllables, to master words? Who watches by the infant's cradle? whose words of affectionate entreaty, or anxious warning sink deepest into the young man's heart? His mother's! and his earliest impressions of beauty, the latest sentence which he passes upon feminine manners, may be traced to woman's teaching. A woman's fascinations carried fire and sword into the heart of Samos, in the age of Pericles; a woman's gentle and unwearying assiduities, moulded the character, and awakened the genius of Washington, and have we lived till now to doubt the influence of the sex? Woman! thou must awake from the Lethe-like sleep into which fashion and indolence have thrown thee. In thy hands are the happiness and the comfort of thousands, wilt thou cast it from thee uncared for, and with the refined cruelty of remotest antiquity, destroy the spirit by slow torture? Rouse thyself, for the sake of man, for the sake of the rising generation, for the sake of charity and virtue, that at the close of a useful and active existence, thou mayest cast one retrospective glance upon thine earthly career, unsaddened by the melancholy of reflection, that thou hast failed in a daughter's duty, or the sister's tender ministrations, or graced the altar of Hymen with a crown of thorns; that thou hast never bound the broken heart, never soothed the sufferer's anguish or smoothed the pillow of the dying.

C.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JUNE 15, 1839.

SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE

ECKERMANN. CONVERSATIONS WITH GOETHE. Translated by S. M. Fuller.

We took up this volume with no ordinary expectations. We anticipated all there is good within us, would be awakened, nurtured, strengthened and exalted. But most sadly have we been disappointed. We feel that we have fallen from a most glorious heavens, which imagination had spread out, upon desert places where no water is. We have met but few remarks on any subject worth repeating. We shall be slow to believe there are not a hundred people in this good city, whose conversation on literary and intellectual subjects does not better deserve publishing. We wish the fair translator instead of this, had given us a book, composed of her own thoughts and observations. We are certain it would have entertained and instructed. This can do but little of either. How a man of genius and acquirements, could talk so much and say so little, it is difficult to understand. Perhaps he thought this Eckermann not a fit person to shower his pearls on. He reserved them probably for those who could better appreciate them. That Goethe was a great artist no one seems to disposed dispute. That he was a great man, there is little reason to believe. He was nearly indifferent to all the great interests of humanity. While the ravages of war, the groans and shrieks of slaughtered and oppressed millions, remained at a distance, while they did not disturb the tranquil air he so delighted to breathe, he dwelt in perfect complacency and peace. It is a very good world, he thought, for scholars, Grand Dukes and their favorites; and he had no desire to mend it. Besides, attempts of the kind might have disturbed his tranquillity and quickened the flow of his cold blood. And this dire evil could not be tolerated for a moment. He was content the gore of nations should stream all about him, if *it would only keep out of his sight*. He was willing the French despot should enslave Europe, only he must not hear the rattling of his conquering chariot wheels, or the thundering tread of his armies. He was no idealist. He found himself in a very comfortable situation, and was satisfied to remain in it. For the wronged, toiling, degraded, suffering, famishing multitudes of his race for whom Christ prayed and died in agony, *he* cared not. He could not spare them a single sigh or sympathy. Miss Fuller confesses, if we understand her, he was no Christian. With him the intellect was all—the moral nature nothing. Is this a slight matter? Were not the moral sentiments and affections meant to be supreme? Is not the light of life in them? Is not the kingdom of heaven, of man's beauty, strength, glory, blessedness based on them?

Are they not the source of all that is thrilling, heroic, great, sublime in history? Are they not superior to knowledge, tongues, science? Is it not through them alone, we hold deep, high and holy communion with nature, the universe, God? Can he make any approach to the true dignity and greatness of man, who subordinates them to any other principle or passion? No. Some of his faculties may be powerful and profound. He may be a great artist, mathematician or general. But a great *man* he cannot be. Accordingly in the case of Goethe we cannot discover he ever felt the emotions, formed the purposes, indulged the aspirations and endured the conflicts of a truly elevated character. Observation, history and philosophy, hold here the same language as Christianity. Out of the heart, is the voice of each, are the issues of life. It is only those individuals, whose hearts are rich, full, glowing, mighty, that deeply interest, affect, move men. The empire within is theirs alone. Saints, not Cesars, have conquered, and rule the world. A splendid intellect may, for a time, flame, bewilder, dazzle. It imparts no warmth, no verdure, no gladness, no life-giving and sustaining influence, and soon goes out in eternal night. But a soul that dwells in love and in God, is an everlasting sun in the heavens. It will pour its blessed beams on the dark and desolate places of humanity, while the world stands. It becomes one of its permanent lights.

A time is coming when talents, genius, learning alone will be viewed with little respect—when a mere great scholar or chieftain, will be looked upon as a gifted, accomplished barbarian—no nearer the highest state of man than a savage in the wilderness. It should be so. They have suppressed, trampled down and out those impulses and sentiments, which are the beauty, grandeur and glory of our nature. Without charity we are nothing. Without pure, disinterested, warm, lofty affections we are nothing that becomes moral, immortal, God-begotten beings. A mere great artist, philologist, astronomer, conqueror, are nothing in the spiritual universe. There is no divinity in them. They are not clothed with a divine nature. They are not born from heaven. They deserve no reverence. We may admire them as we do a volcano. To worship them is to prostitute the soul. We might as well fall in adoration before a brazen image. A time is coming when the meek shall inherit the earth—when the graces, the moral qualities, will receive the homage of man—when the lowly cottages, in which such men as Worcester have died, will be visited as shrines, as places where the divinest and mightiest energies of man have toiled, struggled and triumphed. Goethe was undoubtedly a great actor, a kind of Louis 14th in literature, but a small man. This man ought not to *reign* over us. He has no *divine* right. None of heaven's fire is in him. No heroic stuff is in his soul—nothing of the prophet or apostle, or the Captain of Salvation belongs to him.

He speaks of the invasion of Spain as a fine stroke of policy on the part of the Bourbons. They thus taught the French people they could fight, invade, fertilize foreign fields with flesh and blood, set principle and right at defiance as well as Napoleon! This is the high point from which he views an attempt to crush the rising spirit and energies of an oppressed people, to enthrone weakness and wickedness over them.

After reading one of Mr Carlyle's laudatory reviews of himself, he discovers the Scotch and English have made rapid progress in depth and extent of intellectual culture. A wonderful instance of sagacity!

Here is his proof of the soul's immortality:

'To me, the eternal existence of my soul is proved, from my need of activity; if I work incessantly till my death, nature is pledged to give me another form of being when the present can no longer sustain my spirit.'

My heart beat, at these words, with admiration and love.

'Never,' thought I, 'was doctrine spoken more likely to incite to noble deeds than this. Who would not work and act indefatigably on the end of his days, if, by so doing, he obtained the surety of an eternal life?'

The activity of the soul continues and frequently increases to the end of life—therefore it may have another body to work with and through. This is extremely striking and original. It is the argument first put into every school-boy's head on the subject—the superior durability of the mind. Mr Eckermann's joy and satisfaction on hearing it, are very edifying. He could give Boswell some fine lessons.

Speaking of Tiedge, who had written a poem on Heaven, he says,

'I have endured not a little from Tiedge; for, at one time, nothing was sung or declaimed but this same 'Urania.' Wherever you went, there lay 'Urania' on the table. 'Urania' and immortality were the topics of every conversation. I could in no wise dispense with the happiness of believing in our future existence, and, indeed, could say, with Lorenzo de Medici, that those are dead for this life even, who have no hope for another. But such incomprehensible subjects lie too far off, and only disturb our thoughts if made the theme of our daily meditation. Let him who believes in immortality enjoy his happiness in silence, without giving himself airs thereupon. The occasion of 'Urania' led me to observe that piety has its pretensions to aristocracy, no less than noble blood. I met stupid women, who plumed themselves on believing, with Tiedge, in immortality, and I was forced to bear much catechising on this point. They were vexed by my saying I should be well pleased to be ushered into a future state after the close of this, only I hoped I should *there* meet none of those who had believed in it here. For, how should I be tormented! The pious would throng around me, and say, 'Were we not right? Did we not foresee it? Has not it happened just as we said?' And so there would be ennui without end.'

With the first part of this passage many can sympathize. Pedantry and ostentation appear in religion as in all other matters. And the subjects of them, make themselves sufficiently offensive. They walk the earth as more evangelical, breathe a purer atmosphere and assume a superior dignity. Their claims to the concessions due to a spiritual aristocracy, are founded on the decrees of God. And who can dispute them? They are the most intolerable of monopolists and the sternest of exclusives. We do not wonder such persons disgust enlightened and liberal men, and throw odium on the whole subject. Nor can we blame them for expressing it. The last part of the passage, however, is too light and flippant for so serious and sublime a consideration, as that of our immortality. It is unbecoming and unworthy a reflective mind. The thought that makes melody in the bosom of angels, kindles a glow on the cheeks of seraphim, and fires the rapt princes of heaven, must never be mentioned on earth.

So Paul and John were silly men. Goethe could not have endured them. He would shudder to meet them above. They had their conversation in heaven. They placed their affections and thoughts on things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God, and where the glorious company is gathered. It is too far off, distracts and disturbs. It is better and nobler in the mind to keep quiet, cull simples, collect gems, write plays, or try to enter into the inmost nature of a sheep,* than to contemplate the vast hope of immortality, till the soul casts off all mortal coil, expands, rises, burns, and bathes in this its proper sun—the hope that has inspired and sustained the good, wise and great of all ages—that now contents the poor and oppressed, wipes tears from the eyes of affliction, calms throbbing hearts, confirms the wavering and gives peace to the dying—the truth that is feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, enlightening the ignorant, redeeming the world. True, Goethe believes the doctrine. But it must be cherished in silence. Out of the fullness of our hearts we must not speak about it. Earth's pale wanderers, amid the wreck of every other hope, must not say one to another, Be of good comfort, there are mansions built for us in the skies, and we shall behold His glory. Seneca says, 'I am strangely transported with the thoughts of eternity.' This is the case with all pure and high minds. Their life is hid with God. Why not talk frequently and earnestly about the only fact of any great interest or importance to ourselves and friends?

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* This was the subject of one of their sublime colloquies—how a certain painter was able to enter into the inmost nature of a sheep.

HARVARD COLLEGE NOT SECTARIAN.

'It is noticeable that the recently elected professor of moral philosophy, in Harvard University, makes his first appearance before the public in a vindication of Unitarianism against the charge of sceptical tendencies.'—*Boston Recorder.*

What is meant when it is said of an institution, it is not sectarian? It is not meant we suppose that the teachers and professors have not fixed opinions in politics, morals and religion. Does a man when he consents to give instruction in a certain branch of knowledge, consent at the same time to withdraw his influence from every important interest of society? May he not consistently with propriety and duty employ whatever he has for its benefit? Should he not continue to watch over and labor for its welfare and progress? May he not thereafter express his views of the tendency of any and every opinion and system? Should he not as strenuously as before, to the extent the strict performance of the obligations he has voluntarily taken upon himself will permit, exert every energy and gift God has given him for the good of his creatures? Certainly. And if it be not so, such a sequestration of an influential and valuable character, would be a public loss and calamity. The sacrifice is too costly. It cannot be afforded.

All we suppose that is meant may be contained in the following particulars. No combined, systematic and continued efforts are made to fasten peculiar views of any sort on the pupils, to bias and prejudice their minds, to awaken and cherish abiding sympathies and antipathies. The instructors do not employ their position and influence to effect ends of this character. The profession of particular opinions has no effect whatever as to any ones rank and treatment. Every student is left perfectly free, uninfluenced, to form his own, to express them boldly, to advocate them manfully. And his fearless honesty and independence are not frowned upon, but respected. Can this honor, this noble distinction be justly denied to Cambridge University? Can it be justly claimed for or by any other in New England? Brown University is not sectarian because its distinguished head advocates, with all his ability, in the pulpits of Providence and through the press, certain opinions in politics and religion. If it be sectarian it is because he and his associates employ their talents and influence in their official places and teachings, to prejudice and indoctrinate their pupils. It is because the profession of particular opinions, has something to do with the student's comfort, treatment and respectability. It is because the whole moral force and authority of the institution, are thrown in favor of peculiar views. The same remarks apply to every case of the kind.

As to the paragraph taken from the Recorder the impression it makes and apparently was designed to make, is utterly false. One would conclude on reading it, Dr Walker is in his chair, delivering his lectures, and this one, probably the first of his course. Whereas he has yet nothing to do with the instruction of the University. He is still and will sometime remain the pastor of his parish in Charlestown. This Vindication was probably written before he had any idea of teaching moral philosophy in any literary institution. It is a poor attempt in appearance, to deceive the public mind. It is unworthy a periodical devoted to the interests of *morality* and *religion*. It can only injure its authors.

We have received several communications from Mr Huntington a missionary of our faith in the West, which we shall successively present to our readers. We are allowed to make an extract from a letter written by him to Dr Kendall of Plymouth, which will serve as an appropriate introduction.

Quincy, April 26th, 1839.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—The date reminds of you, and of the commencement of my western travels and labors in the cause of Unitarianism, two years ago. If the only evidence of the progress of liberal views of Christianity in this part of the country were the gathering of churches and the installing of permanent religious teachers, the prospects of our cause would indeed be dark and cheerless. But the dissemination of Christian truth by missionary labors is rather like the scattering of seed by the winds of heaven. We do not know what has been accomplished by this irregular and random process, till we see the young plant shooting vigorously upward; and often it makes its appearance were we least expected it.

With the exception, of a part of last winter, when we had no convenient place of worship at Hillsboro' I have been constantly engaged in preaching, since I wrote you last, either at Hillsboro', Bellville, Vandalia, Alton, or some other place in the vicinity. From the circumstances of the case, my visits at some of these places have been necessarily infrequent, irregular and interrupted. At Hillsboro' there is a respectable number of Unitarians—say, seven or eight families, besides several individuals that have not families, chiefly young men, who have been educated under the influence of Unitarian preaching at the east. But two or three of each class can, however, be reckoned wealthy; nor can it be said that all together have the means of supporting a pastor, who had no other resource than his salary. Still, it would be an unworthy abandonment of a good and hopeful cause, as well as a miserable waste of past expenditures and exertions, to leave 'the few sheep in the wilderness,' without (if not a constant shepherd) an occasional visitor, to speak words of encouragement to them. These people have done nobly for what they believe to be the cause of religious truth, ever since it has been my happiness to labor among them. Many have willingly contributed more than I have reason to believe, they conveniently could; but since the Audubon settlement commenced, their bands have been weakened and their subscription diminished by the loss of several who removed thither, and are now too far distant to attend their meetings, except at rare intervals. I hope they are not to be wholly abandoned, in this their hour of need. As soon as Audubon (18 miles distant) has a few more inhabitants; this place and Hillsboro' would furnish two respectable associate Unitarian societies, to whom an Evangelist might be wholly devoted, preaching to them alternately. I visited Audubon last week, with a small party of friends from Hillsboro, and held a meeting in the Hotel in the morning, and another in the afternoon; and a very hopeful beginning I can assure you it was. It is an important fact in relation to the Audubon society, that, thus far, it consists of those, (so far as I know without a single exception) who have been educated in the Unitarian faith; and who feel it to be precious to them. I do hope, with some confidence, that they and our Hillsboro' friends—few, but faithful, will not be forgotten.

To the Editor of the Christian Register.

Quincy, May 6th, 1839.

I have been spending some ten days in this delightful place, in compliance with several invitations received during the year past, in order to ascertain what the prospects are for forming a Unitarian Church here. Brother Eliot, who broke the ice and opened the way for me, was very clear, after preaching a Friday evening lecture, and passing the ensuing Sunday here, that there was a very good opening; and the result of my short visit is a similar conclusion. I have preached five times, and always with the exception of yesterday afternoon, to audiences of from fifty to eighty or one hundred persons, most of whom were gentleman—many quite young men. There are, however, several heads of families, that have been, and would continue, constant hearers. These generally consist of that class that take little or no interest in those views of Christian doctrine presented by other denominations. Of these, there are formed some seven or eight churches already, which, for a place not containing a population of more than two thousand, is somewhat remarkable. I have been informed that those composing our meetings yield to no other religious society in either respectability or intelligence, though perhaps they would in point of wealth and numbers. They are mostly new comers, and as yet unable to appropriate much money to any other object than what more immediately concerns their getting a living; but they all seem animated by a very strong desire to have Unitarian preaching, and by a willingness to make generous sacrifices, in order to effect this object. As a proof of this, a paper has been started today, upon which the sum of nearly $200 has already been signed, towards obtaining the immediate services of some Unitarian clergyman. I wish the good people here could have a fair experiment made of Unitarian peaching—say, one year's tour. With the accessions which our meetings would gain in that time from emigration (now, and for some months past quite rapid) it is probable that the society would in future be able to sustain itself. For the present, it is understood that I am to return here, after my visit to St Louis. I had been expecting to set out to-day; but the morning opened with a thunder-storm, and it has been raining since. The weather has cleared, however, this afternoon, and I shall take my departure to-morrow.

Tuesday morning. The heavens smile upon me; and I take wing immediately. I have just received a line from Mr Eliot. It is settled between us that I am to spend two Sundays instead of one, with his people.

Atlas, Tuesday evening. A ride of forty miles has brought me to this little village—so called, I presume, from the bold bluff that overhangs it. It is one of the oldest towns, it is

said, in the whole Military Tract—that is to say, the tract of country lying between the rivers Illinois and Mississippi. As I entered the upper end of the street, my eye marked one or two neat houses, (surrounded by orchards, and ornamental trees and shrubbery, and defended against the street by front yards,) for those belonging to New England people; which, upon inquiry, I found to be really the case. The tavern at which I put up was kept by one of the oldest settlers, who had been born in the Bay-state, and had emigrated to this place, more than fifteen years ago. How distinctive are the manners and habits of New England folks, even thus long after they have left the land of their fathers. The habit of *reading* is one of these peculiarities. Go into a family, where, the moment any member of it gets a half hour's leisure, he or she sits down to a book or a newspaper, and you may conclude they are Yankees, with whom the thirst for information amounts to an urgent want.

My road to-day has been very easy to find, and for the most part dry, smooth and level, lying as it does immediately under the Mississippi bluff, which I have had the whole day on my left, (almost over my head;) and on my right, a bottom or moist prairie, of a width varying from one or two to eight miles. This is mostly uncovered of trees—in short a vast meadow—exceedingly rich, but reputed to be unhealthy. The family, where I stopped at noon to get refreshment, informed me, however, that there had been no fever and ague amongst them, till last fall. The bluff is not a continuous ridge, but rather a succession of headlands, separated by ravines. These headlands or promontories do not vary far from 150 feet in height—are commonly wooded on the summit, though thinly so; and on the western side are precipitous and rocky. The ledge generally occupies a space 20 or 30 feet in perpendicular height, about one fourth of the distance from the top; and is every where of lime rock. That face, presented to the eye of the traveller wears every appearance of having been buffeted for centuries by the stormy waves of an ocean. No eye at all accustomed to the aspect of the Atlantic shore could receive a different impression. The outline of the bluffs on the Missouri side of the river is but partially visible from the road I have travelled; and that only at intervals. At this village, they approach nearer; and define the western horizon somewhat as does a distant northern or southern view of Mt. Holyoke, or Mt. Tom, in Hampshire County, Mass.

There are farms along the foot of the bluff as far as I have travelled; and, as I am informed, all the way down the river; and the road is frequently crossed by swift streams of clear, cold water; some of which are so large as to carry saw and grist-mills. As you would naturally suppose, where people take the trouble to dig wells, the water is of the purest and best. On the top of some of the bluffs there may be observed a small, cone-like mound, perhaps 8 or 10 feet high, apparently thrown up by human labor—as if for the site of a summer arbor. I have generally noticed these upon points commanding a view of landscapes that I considered uncommonly beautiful. Week before last, in riding along a ridge in the Illinois bottom which overlooked a pretty large lake, I counted eight of these in a row, within the space of half a mile. In some instances, I observed a depression in the surface within a few yards of the mound, as if earth had been removed from that spot to construct the mound.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE WORCESTER SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

This is a document of much interest and value to those engaged in Sunday School instruction. It gives a very pleasing and satisfactory account of the condition and prospect of those to which it relates. But we will let it speak for itself.

Our schools have generally been very prosperous the past year. 'Our efforts,' says the Report from Worcester, 'were never more unremitted than at this present time. We have never had a better attendance. The lamented absence of our junior Pastor during some part of the year 1838, and his ill health for a part of the year 1839, already elapsed, we have regretted as a calamity to our school. But we rejoice that our loss has been to so good a degree made up, by the hearty co-operation of Rev. Mr Sullivan, and by the punctuality and perseverance of the teachers. Probably it has been of some benefit to our instructers to be thrown upon their own resources, and to have felt increased motives for greater exertion.' The school in Fitchburg was in 'a decidedly prosperous state.' From Berlin, we learn, that 'the general influence of the school has been good upon scholars, teachers, and parents.' From Lancaster, we learn, that 'the teachers were devoted to their work. The pupils were constant in their attendance. Parents are disposed to aid and encourage their children. Our public worship was well attended. We think we have renewed proof, that Sunday Schools are to be relied on, as one of the best means for increasing religious knowledge, and for promoting the Christian temper and character.' From Bolton, we learn, that 'there appears to be, on the part of the teachers, as much interest manifested as in former seasons.' The testimony from Northboro', is that 'the children, in general, appear to love their school and teachers, and to make great exertions to meet them on each succeeding Sabbath. The testimony of many parents, is, that it is with the greatest difficulty they can persuade their children to stay at home, even when necessity demands it. There is one very interesting class in our Sunday School, consisting of eight or ten females from fifteen to seventeen years of age. They have always been united in the same class ever since they were very small, though they have had several different teachers. Last spring, when the school was organized, they all met again, hoping to pass together another pleasant season. Among them was one, an only daughter, who came up, pale and weak, to the house of God, to take her accustomed seat among them. She had loved to meet them while in health, and in her hour of weakness she felt bound to them by a stronger love, and was more than ever desirous to join her companions in their pleasant duties. But it was the last time she was permitted to join them. Consumption had already laid his destroying hand upon her, and ere the spring flowers had faded, had borne her away from their side, and taken her to a higher school, where angels are her companions.'

One very interesting case of sickness and death occurred during the past year. Antoinette, daughter of the late Rev. Abel Conant, aged ten years, was confined with a long sickness. For twelve weeks, almost, she was confined to her bed most of the time. She was a picture of patience, faith, resignation. It was a beautiful sight to see her placid, mild, and calm eye, and meek expression. Her religious faith was remarkable for a child. It was not a mere impulse, a sick-bed excitement. It was calm, mature, like that of an aged Christian. She was very much afraid when well, that she should do wrong, and when she had done so, it greived her much. She used to read her Bible every day, and if she was going out to spend the day with her companions, she would say to her mother, 'I think I will read my Bible this morning, as I may not feel like it when I return.' After she was taken sick, she used to make many inquiries about heaven. She wished to know if she should know her father, and some of her little companions who had died but a short time previous. Whenever she thought of any thing which she had done which was wrong, it gave her pain. She finally felt that all her sins were forgiven, as she had repented of them. Once, when she sat in her mother's lap, she looked up with an inquiring, sweet expression, which was peculiar to her, and asked if her mother did not love her. 'I should not think,' said she, 'if you did, you would be so willing to have me go.' She sometimes feared to die; but her fears soon gave place to confidence. She said she did not know how to leave her mother and sister. Her minister saw her much. On one occasion, she felt desponding, and he repeated to her those cheering words, 'Let not your heart be troubled,' &c. She smiled and seemed happy. A few minutes after, she was discovered still more sorrowful. Her aunt inquired what the difficulty was. Said the stricken lamb, 'I promised Mr S. that I would remember those passages which he repeated to me, and I cannot think of all of them.' Such was her tenderness of conscience. She wished to know how she should feel when she died, and spoke with calmness on the subject of her departure. About half an hour before her death, she experienced some peculiar sensations, and she asked if she was dying; her mother said, 'Yes, I think you are.' 'Well,' said she, 'I want to go.' And her spirit departed

> 'As sets the morning star, which goes
> Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
> Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
> But melts away into the light of heaven.'

Such a manifestation of mature Christian faith in a child is worth a world. It excites us to action. It shows that Christianity is adapted to the minds and hearts of the young—that the child can so drink in its spirit, as to fear to do wrong more than it fears to die. Such a truth should excite us to an intenser love of souls—should establish our faith in the religious nature of the child.

With an humble paryer that this religious faith, and firm confidence in the truth and power of Christianity may be ours, and may be widely diffused by us, this Report is respectfully submitted.

In behalf of the Board.

RUFUS P. STEBBINS, *Secretary.*

SKETCHES OF WILLIAM PENN, by Wm. A. Alcott. Written for Sabbath Schools.

It is a good little book. We have ever entertained a peculiar reverence for the character of Penn. We are glad therefore the minds of the young can thus be made acquainted and brought into contact with it. The knowledge and the emotions it must excite, cannot fail to benefit them. There are few names we should prefer to have written on the heart of a child than his. Perhaps our Sunday School libraries would lose nothing by throwing out some few stories of sickly sentiment and precocious piety and filling their places with biographies of good and great men. As near as we can recollect it contains all the important information to be found in Clarkson's life. It is published by D. S. King, 32 Washington street.

The following beautiful extract, from the Rev Mr. Hill's sermon on the death of Mrs Bancroft, appeared some weeks since in the National Ægis. We regret it has no long escaped our notice. We are confident however that our readers will forget our apparent neglect in the pleasure they derive from its perusal.

MRS. LUCRETIA BANCROFT.

Mrs. Bancroft was the daughter of Judge John Chandler, and, at the period of her death was the sole survivor of a family of seventeen children. With a single exception, she was the last among us of a name that once filled many pages in the history of the town and country—the last of those whose patrimony extended over hill and valey around us. In 1786 she was united to my venerable associate, and from that period her interests, her hopes and wishes were one with the husband of her choice, and the religious society of which he was the Pastor. In all the anxieties and strugglings and sacrifices of its earlier days, she was the sharer of his joys and success—his cheering and soothing companion and efficient helper in moments of darkness and despondency. Although she was born in the lap of plenty and was tenderly and delicately reared, yet we are assured that from the first, without a murmur, she relinquished former habits, and devoted herself unceasingly to the new cares and responsibilities that devolved upon her. Thro' the long and dreary period when the limited means of this society could afford him but a scanty support, amid sickness and bereavement and much suffering, by her assiduous labors in her domestic relations, by her good management and diligent use of the means in her power, he was enabled to meet the daily wants of his family, sustain the burthen of public duty and remain connected with this society whose very existence seemed solely dependent under, God, on his exertions. I use his language and I believe it is the truth when I say, 'Rarely has a woman from a family of plenty, so readily conformed to a change of worldly condition, so cheerfully sustained the straitened circumstances of a family, or so perseveringly and effectually labored for its support as she has done.'

Nor was this done in the spirit of selfishness. There was no meanness in her devotion. She toiled and economized that others might enjoy. She regarded her home, where home really is, as the sphere of woman's duties and enjoyments. There are her conflicts, and there her noblest triumphs. In the sanctuary of her own dwelling, in rearing and educating a numerous family of children, large portions of her life were spent. But in every portion, her house was the abode of hospitality—of the enlarged and generous hospitality of a former generation. In the spirit of the Apostle she was careful to entertain strangers and was given to hospitalty—And when I reflect how generously that of clergymen in former days was taxed, especially in a central place like this,—how many from season to season thronged her dwelling—how incessantly she was called upon to sustain the rites of the Christian family—I cannot but admire the energy which supported her, and the cheerfulness with which she performed a high duty. Whatever sacrifices of time or labor it might cost, night and day, her doors were thrown widely open, and the friend or relative, the stranger or sojourner, found a warm welcome at her fireside and her board.

The same principle which kept the fire always blazing on her hearth, preserved her social affections entire. Most of us have known her only in advanced life, amid the decline and gathering weakness of age. But no moss had grown around her heart. It was young and fresh and warm in its sympathies, as if only seventeen instead of seventy years had passed over her. Who of us can forget the kindness which she manifested for the sick, the affectionate interest which she maintained in a large circle of acquaintance, the promptness with which she entered into the feelings of the young, and the ready attachment which she enkindled in their bosom? Who can forget the constant cheerfulness—the almost youthful buoyancy of spirits, which rendered her abode so pleasant and drew around her the young and the old?

And if you ask by what principle she was governed? I answer, it was a religious principle. For none but a religious principle would enable her to be and do what she was and did. And this may be made clear to those who did not know her intimately. I have referred to her cheerfulnes—you have all seen it. It arrested even strangers. It shone bright even to the last day of her conscious existence. As you have listened to her tones and gazed upon her illuminated countenance and have felt under her influence the cloud of depression and gloom passing away from your own hearts, could you believe that her life had been one of severe trial and bereavement—that she had endured long seasons of sickness—that she had wept over the graves of more than half of her household, and that she has buried them under circumstances peculiarly painful? There may be a natural flow of spirits and they may flow on in days of ease and prosperityand worldly success, but not amid such trials as she had borne. Such trials would utterly break down and crush the soul that was not stayed on God. They would spread a gloom thicker than midnight along its path, and produce horror and despair from which it could never rise. But she was cheerful; the world was yet bright; friends were yet dear, and there were peace and joy within her heart. And what but religious faith and hope could have shed them on the stricken spirit? In her retirement she walked with God; and when the storm and the seas roared around her, in her ark she floated in security, and found tranquility and peace.

But she is gone, and sudden at last was her departure. While we were hoping that she might be spared a little longer, the messenger of death came. She was scarcely conscious that her end was so near. No time was given to bid adieu to husband and friends. No space was allowed her to express her faith and hopes in God. In the morning of the day before her decease, she arose as usual, but about noon complained of being ill. A physician was sent for, and scarcely had she taken his prescription when she fell into a lethargy. Almost in a moment, that countenance which glowed with animation was covered with paleness, and those eyes that beamed with kindness were closed forever; that mind still so clear and active, sunk in darkness; that heart, warmed with the charities of life, was struck with the chill of death. In a moment, an impassable gulf was placed between her and the inhabitants of earth One blow was given, and her senses were shut—she entered the dark valley and went to her account. And is it not well? Could fond affection have desired for her a more peaceful and tranquil departure? It had received, again and again, the assurance of her affection; the assurance of her faith and hope; and what could it desire more? Her hour came, and there were no agonies, no painful weaknesses, no wanderings of the mind. She laid her down and slept, and has now, we trust, awoke, and dwells with her God.

Amid the universal sadness which this event has spread over our community, there is one in whose bosom deeper emotions have been awakened. There is one, in the solitude of a sick chamber, who mourns in silence the companion of many years of joy and sorrow. The aged Pastor of this church when least expecting it, after an union of more than half a century, is left alone. If for such sorrows ordinary sympathy could avail—if we did not feel that in his calmness and cheerfulness he possesses inward resources to which the voice of affection cannot add—we would offer him ours unitedly and fervently. But the aged Christian, standing upon the wished for shore—the faithful disciple who can review a long and useful life—the man of God about to ascend in his chariot of fire, needs not human support. He has often prayed for us—what remains, but that our prayers should go up as the prayers of one, for him and his—that a Heavenly peace and tranquility may continue to reign in their bosoms.

POEMS BY MRS FOLLEN, published by William Crosby and Co.

The numerous readers of the author's previous works, will anticipate no ordinary gratification on hearing of this publication. They will not be disappointed. They will find in it much fine thought, deep and fervid feeling, affecting and beautiful imagery. They will experience too the influences, the fruits of a cultivated and holy spirit, love, joy, peace, gentleness, kindness. There is great diversity in the finish and merit of the several poems. Some we think will be deemed worthy to rank high among efforts of similar character. The one on Nahant and Evening in our poetic column will justify and strengthen what we have said.

INTELLIGENCE.

At the annual meeting of the Boston Natural History Society the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

George B. Emerson, Esq. President.
Amos Binney, Esq. } Vice Presi-
Rev. Francis W. P. Greenwood, } dents.
John T. Dixwell, Esq. Treasurer.
Charles K. Dillaway, Esq. Librarian.
Epes S. Diswell, Esq. Corresponding Secretary.
Dr Jeffries Wyman, Recording Secretary.
Thomas J. Whittemore, Esq. Curator of Conchology.
T. W. Harris, M. D, Curator of Entomology.
D. Humphrey Storer, M. D. Curator of Icthyology.
J. E. Teschmacher, Esq. Curator of Botany.
Thomas M. Brewer, M. D. Curator of Ornithology.
Charles T. Jackson, M. D. Curator of Geology.
W. B. Shurtleff, M. D. Curator of Mazology.
Martin Gay, M. D. Curator of Mine ralogy.
Mr. Samuel Cabot, Jr. Cabinet Keeper.

The Hartford papers inform us that the Legislature of Connecticutt has passed a bill providing for the registry of the names of voters.

GROWTH OF THE WEST.—It is stated that in the year 1800, there were only about 3000 souls within the limits of the State of Illinois. In 1820, the population had increased to 54,000. In the next ten years, that is, in 1830, the population had trippled its numbers, having increased to 157,455. According to the State census of 1835, the enumeration presented an aggregate of no less than 269,694 souls, being an increase of nearly one hundred per cent, in five years! These items we derive from the Louisville Journal, the editor of which truly remarks that such 'is the march to 'empire' of the great West.'

UNPRECEDENTED TRAVELLING.—The Baltimore Patriot says, that two British Officers of the Royal Artillery, were onparade with their battalion, on Friday two weeks, at Woolwich, Eng., (some miles on the *eastern* side of London) and dined last Monday, with one of their countrymen, at Beltzhoover's Hotel in Baltimore. They came by the Great Western.

Important Decision.—At a late trial in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, the question 'whether the goods of a boarder in a boarding house are liable for the tenant's rent,' was brought directly before Court for desision. The District Court (in which the suit was brought) having decided the question in favor of a landlord who had distrained the goods of a boarder to pay the tenant's rent, the matter was removed to the Supreme Court, where, after having been fully argued by Mr. Hazelhurst and Holcomb for the Plaintiff, and S. Perkins for the Defendant, the opinion of the District Court was reversed, and the question settled in favor of the plaintiff, and against the right of a landlord, thus to distrain the effects of a boarder in his tenant's house.

This desision seems so much in accordance with common sense, that it is only a matter of surprise that iny one should ever have made the question a subject of doubt.

Treaty with Holland.—The ratifications of a Treaty of Commerce and Navigation concluded between the United States and the Netherlands, were duly exchanged at Washington, on the 23d of May, between the Secretary of State and Chevalier Martini, Charge d'Affaires of the King of the Netherlands. The treaty was officially published in the Globe of Wednesday, and contains substantially the following provisions:

Goods and merchandize, whatever their origin may be, when imported into or exported from the United States, from or to the Netherlands, in vessels of the Netherlands, shall pay no higher or other duties than are levied on like goods conveyed in vessels of the United States; and so, in like manner, goods imported into or exported from the Netherlands, from or to the United States; in vessels of the said States, are to pay no higher or other duties than are leyied on the like goods, conveyed in Netherland vessels.

The vessels of each nation are to pay no tonnage or other duties or charges in the ports of the other than are levied by each nation on its own vessels for the same objects.

The Consuls and Vice Consuls of the respective nations are to enjoy equal privileges, protection and assistance.

The contracting parties agree to consider and treat as national vessels all such ar are so recognized by the laws and regulations of each respectively.

In case of shipwreck or damage at sea, each party shall grant to the vessels, whether public or private, of the other, the same assistance and protection which would be afforded to its own vessels in like cases.

This Treaty is to remain in force for ten years; and further, until the end of twelve months after either of the contracting parties shall have given to the other notice of its intention to terminate the same.

Steam Boat Law.—We are told that the Circuit Court of the United States for the Louisiana District has decided that the late law of Congress concerning steamboats *is not applicable to boats navigating the Mississippi river.* There are nearly one hundred and fifty suits to which this decision is applicable.

We should like to know the ground on which this decision was made. We thought that it was in reference to the Steamboats on the Mississippi more than to any other, that the late law of Congress was framed, since it is in these waters, perhaps we may say, more than any others, that the most distressing casualties from the reckless mismanagement of steam have happened.

The Crops.—A late Pennsylvania paper says, 'the prospects for an abundant harvest throughout the Union were never better. Every where the promising appearance of the grain is flatteringly spoken of.' Similar statements are made and reiterated in almost all parts of the country.

Arctic Land Expedition.—Letters have been received, says the Boston Advertiser and Patriot, from Messrs. Dease & Simpson, dated at Fort Confidence, Great Bear Lake, September 16, 1838, giving a narrative of their unsuccessful attempt to explore the residue of the eastern part of the coast of the Arctic sea. The season was cold and extremely unfavorable, and they were able to advance with their boat only to a point three miles from the site of Franklin's farther encampment, in 1821. Mr Simpson, with a part of the company, advanced on foot 100 miles farther, to lat. 68 43 39, lon. 106 3. They propose to renew the attempt the present season, in hopes of finding a more open sea.

Public Schools in Philadelphia.—It appears by the twenty first annual Report of the Controllers of the public schools of the city and county of Philadelphia,—recently submitted,—that during the past year upwards of eighteen thousand pupils have been enjoying the advantages of regular instruction there throughout the whole year.

Referring to this report the National Gazette says,

Our school system we regard as especially of republican birth and growth. We may well feel proud of it on national grounds, when we consider the comparative ignorance of the people of other countries, and the neglect on the part of the governments of efficient means to enlighten them. In England, legislators are just beginning to talk of national education, but there is no extensive or generous view in plans. The fund proposed to be applied to the purpose in all England does not by one fourth, equal the sum actually expended in this county.

New York Improvements.—From a tabular statement recently published, it appears that the State of New York has now finished and in operation, 655 miles of State Canals, and 122 miles of Canals owned by private companies. She has, besides, 163 miles of State Canals, and 28 miles of private Canals, commenced; making an aggregate of 777 miles of Canal finished, and 191 miles of Canal commenced. Total, 968 miles of Canal, finished or in progress.

Of Railroad, there are 218 miles finished, 958 miles commenced, and 1704 miles authorized by various acts of incorporation. Total, 2880 miles of Railroad, finished in progress, or authorized, in the Empire State. Total of Canals and Railroads now finished —895 miles;

Fraudulent Bankruptcy.—Dr. Dyott, has been convicted in Philidelphia, of fraudulent bankruptcy. The punishment, must be imprisonment in the Penitentiary, at hard labor, for a term not less than one, nor more than seven years, at the discretion of the court.

Lady Bulwer's Novel.—A novel which has excited some attention on this side the water, has passed to a third edition in England, as we are told in the London papers. The National Gazette of Philadelphia says, in reference to a statement of this fact, 'We know of no more signal instance of bad mental and moral taste on the part of the public than the extensive sale of this book.' The Gazette continues,—

'It bears internal evidence to our apprehension, that it was not written by the person who figures as the author. How far Lady Bulwer may have suggested the whole spirit of it, or contributed part of the matter it is not worth while to consider. But for any literary merits it may have, envy itself would not deny her the credit; as there is scarcely a page of the work that rises to mediocrity.

FROM CENTRAL AMERICA.—A file of Belize papers to the 4th of May has been received at New York, containing late advice from Central America, which represent the condition of that unhappy country as wretched in the extreme—torn by contending factions, amid whose disputes there is security for neither life or property.

The states of Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Honduras, have broken loose from the confederation, and declared themselves free and independent—and again united themselves for resistance to the federal government.

Morazan, the President, and Carrera, the leader of the reformers as they call themselves, have been publishing manifestoes against each other, each accusing his rival of tyranny and treason. The latter, however, appears to have proved the stronger, for we find a proclamation signed by him, dated at Guatemala, which he entered, it seems, without opposition, early in April, and, to use his own expression, 're-established the legitimate government.'

Thus it appears that Central America has been thoroughly revolutionized.

According to orders from England, a British ship of war had visited the islands of Ruatan and Bonaca and takne down the flag of the Central American republic, substituting for it the British ensign—those islands being claimed as the rightful possession of Great Britain.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

LATE FROM THE PACIFIC.—Letters from Guayaquil of the 10th of April, received yesterday via Jamaica, state that Gen Santa Cruz, accompanied by a few of his favorite officers, had arrived at that place from Islay; with a view of taking up his residence in the vicinity of Guayaquil. It appears the Bolivians, on the receipt of the news of his defeat of Yungay, revolted and dispossesed him of his authority as President of the Republic. The last advices from Peru state that the Chilian troops under Gen. Bulnes, and the Peruvians under Gen. Lafuente, entered Lima without opposition, and that the castles of Callao a few days afterward surrendered to the authority of the new President, Gamarra. The affairs of Peru, Chili and Bolivia were to be settled by a general Congress, which was expected to assemble in Lima.—*New York Gazette.*

The Slave Trade.—By late accounts from Rio Janeiro we are informed that between the 1st and 15th April, the British cruizers had been fortunate enough to capture three slavers from Africa, having on board about 900 negroes. Their vigilance was so great that very little doubt was entertained of the entire and speedy extinction of this nefarious and inhuman traffic.

From Rio Janeiro.—The brig Ann has arrived at Baltimore from Rio Janeiro, whence she sailed on the 18th of April.

The Government had sent reinforcements to Rio Grande, and all the towns were in possession of the National troops, but the interior was still in the hands of the insurgents. The communications with the country had improved, and produce was coming in more freely than before.

The advices from Buenos Ayres were to the 25th March. Immense quantities of hides had accumulated in the city, probably to the value of 4,000,000 of Spanish dollars, but the success of the Chilians, the Buenos Avreans allies, over the Peruvians had so animated the party under Governor Rosas, that no hopes were entertained of a speedy settlement with the French.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Thomas Johnson, of Derry, N. H. to Miss Sarah Ann Hoyt, of East Boston.

Henry G. Clark, M. D., to Miss Mary G. N. Prescott, daughter of the late Judge Prescott, of Portsmouth, N. H.

On Thursday evening 6th inst, by Rev. Dr Parkman, Mr Dexter W. Wiswell to Miss Elizabeth R. Clark, daughter of James Clark, Esq; Mr William G. Clark to Miss Betsey Jane Babson—all of this city.

By Rev. Dr Parkman Mr Samuel C. Bradshaw to Miss Rebecca Harris, daughter of Mr George Harris of this city.

In city, Mr Henry Whitmore, of the firm of Peabody & Whitmore, of Worcester, Ill. to Miss Eliza B. Davie of Boston.

At the church of St. Genevieve, Berthier, near Montreal, Lower Canada, on the 27th of April, by the Rev. Mr Gagnon, Cure of that Parish, Dr L. H. Ferland, to Louisa, eldest daughter of Dr L. M. Barbier of Berthier.

DEATHS.

In this city, June 9, Miss Martha F. Mellen, 20—eldest daughter of the late John W. Mellen, Esq. of Dover, N. H.

In this city, Miss Mary Glover, aged 78, widow of the late Nathaniel Glover.

In this city, Col Oliver Adams, aged 48; Mrs Harriet, wife of Mr John Burrill, aged 25; Martha Ann, only daughter of Robert and Ann E. Laird, 7 years.

In Charlestown, Mr Daniel Carter, aged 67.

In Watertown, on Sunday 9th Mr Jesse G. Sanger late of Watertown 25.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, April 16, Mrs. Mary Ann Hastings Sampson, wife of Mr. Joseph S. Sampson, late of this city,

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LIBRARY OF HARVARD UNIVERKSITY.

ALL persons, who have books belonging to the Library of the university, are, by law, requested to return them *before* or *on* Wednesday the 26th instant.

The Library will be re-opened for the use of books on Monday, July the 22nd, between the hours of 9 and 12, A. M. T. W. HARRIS, *Librarian.*
Cambridge, June 6, 1839.

ARBORETUM ET FRUTICETUM BRITANNICUM, or the Trees and Shrubs of Britain, Pictorially and Botanically delineated, and scientifically and popularly described, with their Propagation, Culture, Management, and uses in the Arts, in useful and ornimental plantations, and in Landscape Gardening, preceeded by a Historical and Geographical Outline of the Trees and Shrubs of temperate Climates throughout the world. By J. C. Loudon, in 8 vols, 4 of letter press, illustrated by above 2500 engravings, and four of octavo and quarto plates. This day received by C. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN.

NEW BOOKS.

MRS Follen's Poems,
Lord Broughams Sketches.
Beauties of Everett.
Means and Ends, by Miss Sedgwick
Deerbrook, by Harriet Martineau,
The Reign of Terror, 2 vols.
Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature, vol 4
For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. je 15

DR CHANNING'S REMARKS on the Slavery Question, in a letter to Jonathan Phillips, also a reply to the above. Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. je 15

THE BOSTON SPEAKER.—Being a collection of pieces for declamation in prose, poetry and dialogue, designed for the younger classes in Academies and Common Schools.

This book contains a good selection of pieces for declamation, and has been lately introduced into many of our schools. Published by JOSEPH DOWE. 22 Court street. is6w je 15

TRACT 142, by Orville Dewey.—Remarks on the Sacred Scriptures and on Belief and Unbelief, by Orville Dewey.

This day published by JAMES MUNROE & Co. 134 Washington street. je15

NEW BOOK BY MRS. FOLLEN.—Poems by Mrs Follen, author of Married Life, Well-spent Hour, &c &c, with an engraving of Pulpit Rock, Nahant.

Just published by WILLIAM CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington street. je15

NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—A Visit to the Country, by Miss Cabot; Charles Hartland; The Warning; Happy Days; Little Dove; Harry Winter; Rebecca Wilson; The Clares; Instruction from Trees and Flowers; Tales of Shipwrecks; Holiday stories; Book of the Months; Social Amusements, &c &c

For sale by WILLIAM CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington street. je15

MANUALS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—Published and for sale, and may be found at the Store of the Subscriber, the following popular Manuals used in Sunday Schools of the Unitarian denomination.

Allen's Questions, first part, on the Gospels, new edition.

Allen's Questions, second part, on the Gospels, new edition.

Since the publication of these two books, about 24 thousand have been sold.

Allen's Questions, third part, on the acts of the Apostles. Third Edition, just published, containing a map of the Travels and Voyages of St. Paul.

Allen's Questions on Genesis.

The Geneva Catechism, revised by Rev. Doct. Walker of Charlestown.

Service Book for Sunday Schools—containing prayers for the opening and closing of the School, together with an excellent collection of Hymns, by Rev. James Walker. D. D.

The Boston Sunday School Hymn Book, by a Superintendent, new edition. This book is approved by the Boston Sunday School Society, and is universally adopted into city and country Schools

Sacred Songs, for Sunday Schools, by Mrs Follen, a new and beautiful book, containing many original hymns.

The Sunday School Class Book, a valuable assistant to the Teacher, in keeping the records of his class.

The Worcester Catechism, in three parts.
Channing's Catechism.
Carpenter's Catechism.
The Child's Book on the Soul.
Gallaudett's Natural Theology.
Books just out.
Means and Ends, by Miss Sedgewick.
Birds and Flowers, by Mary Howitt.
Charles Hartland the Village Missionary.
Tales of Shipwrecks.
Rebecca Wilson.
Harry Winter.
Instruction from Trees and Flowers.
Temperance Tales vol. 6th.
Edward the Sunday Scholar, &c.

BENJAMIN H. GREENE, 124 Washington, corner of Water St, 'Sunday School Depository.' june 8

PHANTASMION, Prince of Palmland; by Mrs Henry Nelson Coleridge. 2 vols. 12mo. 'In strength and originality, it seems to be equalled only by the Undine of Fonque. In the gorgeousness and exuberance of its pictures, it is unsurpassed.' This day received by WEEKS, JORDAN & Co. Je 15

ADAMS'S ORATION, before the New York Historical Society, on the Semi-Centennial Celebration of the Inauguration of George Washington. For sale to the trade and at retail by Je 15 WEEKS, SORDAN & CO.

KNICKERBOCKER, for June—This day received. The next number commences a new volume. WEEKS, JORDAN & CO. Je 15

LORD BROUGHAM'S SKETCHES. Sketches of Public Characters, Discourses and Essays, to which is added a Dissertation on the eloquence of the ancients, by Henry, Lord Brougham; just received at TICKNOR'S. je 15.

NEW BOOKS. The works of Joseph Stevens Buckminster, with a memoir of his Life; 2 vols.

Means and Ends, or self-training; by Miss Sedgwick.

Charles Hartland, the Village Missionary; by W. A. Alcott.

Birds and Flowers, and other Country Things; by Mary Howitt.

Treatise on the Culture of the Dahlia and Cactus; by E. Sayers. For sale at TICLNOR'S. je 15.

PALFREY'S DUDLEIAN LECTURE.

THIS day published and for sale at TICKNOR'S. 'The Theory and Uses of Natural Religion; being the Dudleian Lecture, read before the University of Cambridge, May 8, 1839. By John Gorham Palfrey, D. D., L. L. D., Professor of Biblical Literature.' je 15.

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION AND LETTERS, edited by Rev. C. Palfrey. No. 3, for June.

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Selection
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Notices of Books.—Caleb in the Country, by Jacob Abbot. The School Boy, by John S. C. Abbot. Riches without Wings. Arthur Lee and Tom Palmer. Shanty the Blacksmith. New Publications &c.

Intelligence.—Condition of the Jews. Spirit of Catholicism. New York Public Schools. Ordination—Dedication, &c. &c. &c.

The Miscellany is published monthly, in numbers of 48 octavo pages each, beautifully printed, at three dollars per annum.

All who are friendly to the cause are respectfully requested to examine the work. WM. CROSBY & CO, Publishers. 118 Washington Street. je 15.

CANTON HIGH SCHOOL.

THE Summer term of this school under the charge of EZEKIEL CAPEN, will commence on Monday June 24th. Instruction will be given in the various English branches and in the rudiments of Greek and Latin. Tuition from $3 to $5 per term. Price of Board with the Teacher $2 per week for males $1 75 for Females. No pains will be spared to give satisfaction to all who please to favor the school with their patronage. 3tis june 8

UNITARIAN TRACTS.—No. 120. 'Come over and Help Us.' A Letter to Rev. George Putnam, by E. Peabody.

No. 121. 'To the Law and the Testimony.' A discourse on the deference paid to the Scriptures by Unitarians, by James Walker.

No. 122. Remarks on Creeds, Intollerance, and Exclusion, by William E. Channing, D. D.

No. 123. Charges against Unitarianism, by E. Peabody.

No. 124. A tribute to the Memory of Noah Worcester, D. D., by W. E. Channing.

No. 125. The Nature, Reality and Power of Christian Faith, by Henry Ware jr.

No. 126 The Sunday School, a discourse pronounced before the Sunday School Society, by Wm E. Channing.

No. 127. What is Truth? by Rev Andrew P. Peabody.

No. 128. A Young Man's Account of his Conversion from Calvinism. A statement of Facts.

No. 129. True Grounds of Christian Unity, by Rev. G. Putnam.

No. 130. A Rational Faith competent to the wants of Man.

No 131. The Thirteenth Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 29, 1838.

No. 132. Duty of Promoting Christianity by the circulation of Books. By Henry Ware jr.

No. 133. The Future Life, by William E. Channing.

No. 134. Repentance the Ground of Forgiveness, by Rev. Joseph Hutton, LL.D, of London.

No. 135. The worship of the Father, a service of Gratitude and Joy. By W. E. Channing.

No. 136. Reason and Revelation. By Rev. A. A. Livermore.

The Tracts of the A. U. A. can be had of the publishers, bound in eleven volumes at the low price of 75 cents per volume.

JAMES MUNROE & CO.
Agents of the American Unitarian Association, j19 134 Washington street.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES IN CAMBRIDGE.

Refer to Sidney Willard, A. B. Mussey, J. T Buckingham, J. Livermore, R. M. Hodges, Charles Everett, A. Rice, Trustees of the School.

The Academical Year commences the second Monday of September, and consists of four quarters, of eleven weeks each, unless the annual Thanksgiving divide the first and second quarters unequally.

The first three Vacations are one week each; the fourth, five weeks.

Board &c. for a year, $150 } Always
" one quarter, { Winter or Spring, 50 } in
{ Summer or Fall, 45 } advnce.

Tuition in the Primary, Middle and Classical department, $6, $12, and $15 a quarter; or $20, $45 and $55 a year, in advance.

Music, with use of Piano, $20 a quarter.
Painting in Water Colors, $6 a quarter.
Drawing taught to all the School without additional charge.

Any one branch other than Music, $10 a quarter.
Expense of Fuel arranged amongst the pupils.

The most approved Teachers in Music, Modern Languages, and other branches, according to the wants of the school, are employed; and competent Young Ladies assist in various branches, one of whom, at least, usually resides in the family of the Principal

After the present quarter, boarding pupils will be accommodated in a new house, near the school house, constructed expressly for the accommodation of a limited number, with reference to health and convenience.

A few more scholars can be accommodated by the Principal as members of his family.

A course of Lectures on History will be delivered to the more advanced pupils, next quarter, by Mr Mariotti.

D. MACK, *Principal.*

N. B. The next quarter will commence on Monday, May 20.
Cambridge, April 13th, 1838. n 24

PURE SPERM OIL.

E. T. HASTINGS & Co., 101 State street, have constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.

Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense. jan 13 1stf

TO THE LADIES.

THE MISSES HUNT, FEMALE PHYSICIANS, would respectfully give notice to the Ladies of Boston and vicinity, that they still continue to attend to all diseases, incident to the Female frame, at their residence, No. 1 Spring Street, corner of Leverett Street, Boston, (Mass.) Diseases of children particularly attended to. The Patent Medicated Champoo Baths will be administered to Ladies. These baths are not only a luxury to persons in health, but a cure for many diseases.

The great success which has attended their treatment of Diseases, and the propriety of Ladies consulting one of their own sex, render any argument in favor of their practice unnecessary.

Hours for seeing patients from 9 in the morning until 6 in the evening. Advice GRATIS. jan 19

POETRY.

NAHANT,

AT THE FOOT OF THE PULPIT ROCK.

HAIL, boundless Ocean! mighty rolling deep!
Thou ever restless, still rejoicing sea!
How slowly heaving in thine awful sleep,
How wildly roaring in glad revelry.

The stars look glorious in their silent place;
The fixed hills in tranquil grandeur stand;
The moon renews her gentle, smiling face;
The sun proclaims his Maker's bounteous hand—

'In solemn silence all;' while thy glad voice
Went forth at first in its eternal roar,
And billow after billow cries, Rejoice!
In ceaseless murmurs on the sounding shore.

I love to stand upon the giant rock
That thrusts its scowling front against thy wave,
And feel the trembling from the mighty shock,
And hear it roaring through each hollow cave;—

Then mark the billows gathering up their force,
Tossing their foam back like a lion's mane;
And, rushing on in their exulting course,
In idle murmurs swift recoil again.

And, while the baffled waters seem to sleep,
Far off they gather mightier that before;
Onward they move with slow majestic sweep,
And break in thunder round the rocky shore.

There is a power within me, that awakes
Midst this wild conflict of the stormy sea;
And moves, and swells, and its stern thraldom breaks,
And leaves and pants for immortality.

This wind must die away ere long, and thou,
Old Ocean, must recall thy truant waves;
Dress thee with smiles, and smooth thy furrowed brow,
And calmly rest thee in thy silent caves:

While, restless, by no earthly shores confined,
The sea of Thought, nor ebb nor limit knows,
Fed from the fountains of Creative Mind,
Through realms, through worlds unknown forever flows.

EVENING.

The sun is set, the day is o'er,
And labor's voice is heard no more;
On high, the silver moon is hung;
The birds their vesper hymns have sung,
Save one, who oft breaks forth anew,
To chant another sweet adieu
To all the glories of the day,
And all its pleasures passed away.
Her twilight robe all nature wears,
And evening sheds her fragrant tears,
Which every thirsty plant receives,
While silence trembles on its leaves.
From every tree and every bush,
There seems to breathe a soothing hush;
While every transient sound but shows
How deep and still is the repose.
Thus calm and fair may all things be,
When life's last sun has set with me;
And may the lamp of memory shine
As sweetly on my day's decline,
As yon pale crescent, pure and fair,
That hangs so safely in the air,
And pours her mild, reflected light,
To soothe and bless the weary sight.
And may my spirit often wake
Like thine, sweet bird; and, singing, take
Another farewell of the sun,—
Of pleasures past, of labors done.
See, where the glorious sun has set,
A line of light is lingering yet:
O, thus may love awhile illume
The silent darkness of my tomb.

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD.

Mighty and majestic River!
I have seen thy gushing tide
Mingle with giant Ocean's flood:
On those rocks my feet have stood.
Round which both meeting waters shiver,
Struggling with a rival's pride,
Till in one their waves subside.

There, on thy broad and swelling breast,
Anchor'd a sea-girt Nation's might;
Countless streamers, myriad sails,
Floating to the freshening gales,
As safe within thy haven'd rest
Rode argosies of portly height,
And warrior galleys red from fight.

Higher up thy lessening bank
Glitter palace, tower, and hall;
And thy bright and sunny sheen,
Mirror'd back an Empire's Queen;
A city at whose glories shrank
Thebes, with her hundred-gated wall,
And Babylon, before her fall.

Straight my willing steps pursue
The cultured plains before them spread;
And as the pleasant winding leads
Gently through flower-enamell'd meads,
How rich the landscape and how new!
The happy valley do I tread?
Or Tempe near the Peneus' bed?

To a brook thy flood decreases,
Upward as I mark its course.
Is it lost?—Yon bank conceals
The silver thread by which it steals.
Now at last its current ceases—
To thy fount my path I force—
I have traced thee to thy source.

Mighty and majestic River!
Bursts from this thy future pride?
Is the cradle of thy race
This unmark'd and nameless place,
Where a few stunted willows quiver:
And which the shepherd-boy, may guide,
In sport may carelessly bestride?

TRIFLER! in thy bosom note
Every thought for good or ill!
From the fountain of the heart,
Scant and weak at first they start;
'Tis but onward as they float
Gather'd streams their current fill.—
Crime, at its birth, is but unruly will.

[Rev. Edward Smedley.

AFFLICTION.

'Her dark hours wring forth the hidden might
Which had lain bedded in the silent soul;
A treasure all undreamt of;—as the night
Calls out the harmonies of streams that roll
Unheard by day!'

MISCELLANEOUS.

(From the Gentleman's Magazine.)

THE IVORY HUNTER OF CEYLON.

The Cingalese with whom I lodged at Colombo was named Chirria; he had been a mighty hunter in his youth, and told me many wonderous stories of imminent dangers and hair breatdth 'scapes, which he had encountered in his perilous wanderings in the woods of Ceylon. He had crossed the Hamaleel range of mountains, and had gazed with Asiatic reverence upon the colossal footsteps of Adam, which the Buddhist priest affirm to be visible on the top of the highest peak of the Island, where, according to the Hindoo tradition, our first father was created, and dwelt in paradisal delight. Chirria had resided, for nearly three years, amongst the Vadahs, a rude race of foresters, who spurn the social arts, and derive a scanty subsistence from the uncertain practice of the chase. Devoid of every comfort of domesticity, debarred by habit from the enjoyment of neighborly society, for every Vedah hunter lives in the solitary control of his own forest range, and destitute of corn and cattle, a man must possess an intolerable partiality for the wild sports of the woods who can voluntarily resign the enjoyments of civilization, for the hardships and deprivation attendant on a Vedah's life.

The chief river of Ceylon, the Mahavillagonga, rises in the heights of Adam's peak, and is the Ganges, or sacred river of the island. The followers of the religion of Buddha, or Adam, make annual pilgrimage to its holy waters; the betel-leaf is exchanged between the devotees, as a sign of mutual love; and the priest delivers a blessing from his holy place among the Buddhist rocks. My landlord, Chirria, had frequently mixed amidst the reverential groups, and had passed many rainy seasons in searching along the banks of the sacred stream for the precious stones washed down from their beds on the mountain sides. He had also been concerned in the pearl fisheries in the bay of Condatchy, on the western coast of Ceylon; and had speculated in the cinnamon bark trade with more than usual success.

In person, Chirria looked more like a resuscitated mummy than a living being. His small black eyes were deeply sunk in his head; his Asiatic nose was scarcely discernible in the dusky colour of his face, and his lips, split and colorless from the effects of the cinnamou juice imbibed during his career as taster, exhibited the black stumps of teeth peculiar to the chewers of the areca and betel leaf. His sinews stood out from his limbs like huge cordage, and told of exercise and toil; while his fleshless arms and long attenuated frame completed the outward appearance of this restless oriental.

While engaged in the ivory trade, Chirria experienced rather a singular adventure with a couple of alligators or caymans, which I shall beg leave to give in the first person, although the reciter's style must necessarily lose its Asiatic coloring in the transcription.

'At the time I resided in Caddy, I frequently used to rove above the bases of the neighboring mountains, with my English musket slung over my shoulder, and lost myself in the mighty forests and pathless wastes which skirt that ancient kingdom I have slept soundly in the heart of a clump of ebony shrubs, wrapped in a leaf of the talibot tree, which encircled my body with as much amplitude as the largest blanket! I have cooled my tired body in the salt lagoons in the quiet of the eternal hills, and quenched my thirst with the rare fruits which grow in luxuriant wildness on the sunny spots upon the mountain side. I hate the confinement of cities—the free air of heaven seems shut from their close and crowded streets.

'I was pondering, one bright and glorious morning, in the shade of some venerable and gigantic rhododendra trees, when my attention was aroused by the flight of several huge vultures, which all bent their way to one point, very evidently not far from the place where I was then standing. I knew that the keen sight of these foul things discovered the place of carcasses almost before the vital breath had quitted the body; and I hastened with rapid steps to their point of destination, imagining that it was not unlikely but I might save the remains of some unfortunate fellow-wanderer from violation by these unclean and ravenous birds. The ground became swampy and difficult to pass; I had to wade through a patch of wild rice—to squeeze between the thick-growing and deep-rooted hangings of the banyan tree and its thousand branching sprouts—to clear my sandals from the luxuriant vines of the piper-betel, and keep my musket on the full cock, in case of a sudden encounter with a leopard or a boar, the frequent inhabitants of our jungles.

'Cautiously creeping up a small gaut, leading to a terrace or piece of table rock besides the end of a huge lagoon, I spied several of the vultures perched on the bare limbs of a gnarled and withered palm. Scarcely had I attained the level of the stagnant pool, ere I discovered the carcass of a huge elephant lying on its left side. How the animal came by its death in the place, I never could ascertain; although, from the discovery of its broken leg, which I afterwards made, I suppose that it had escaped, wounded, from the hunters of the plain, and crawled to the desolate spot, to die in quiet. The whiteness of its huge tusks attracted my eye, they were of the soundest ivory, and I resolved to appropriate the prize which fortune had thus thrown in my way.

'An enormous vulture, with terrific talons and hooked beak, was seated on the elephant's head, and busily engaged in tearing the flesh from the animal's eye and ear.—Suddenly, the waters of the lagoon became agitated, and a crocodile rose from its slimy bed, and crawling over the immense mass of carrion, drove the bird from its prey. He was the largest and most hideous of its species that I had ever seen; and knowing the vindictive nature of the monster when meddled with while feeding I cowered down behind a small mound of earth, and watched the scene with lively curiosity. The disappointed vultures screamed with anger, and the scaly beast roared as he repelled their attacks, and clawed at the tough hide of the carrion hulk with vain endeavor to detach a portion of the flesh. The cries of the combatants seemed to call the inhabitants of the glen from their various hiding places; jackalls rushed down the opposite hill; and the dull lake swarmed with crocodiles. A fierce combat ensued between the original leviathan and one of the fiercest of the new comers. I had never conceived it possible for such awkward and slow-turning quadrupeds to move so swiftly, or deal such terrific blows. Their gigantic claws and frightful looking mouths worked with awful rapidity; the snapping of their jaws exceeded in sound the report of a musket—and their ponderous tails flapped violently with irresistible and dangerous force. Presently, the smallest of the crocodiles was knocked on his back by a blow from the first possessor of the carrion; before he could recover his feet, he was ripped down the middle by a dash of his rival's claw, and his entrails were dragged forth and cast upon the neighboring rocks. The head of the crocodiles who had stood aloof from the contest between the chiefs or potentates of the lake now rushed upon the wounded one, and devoured with frightful voracity the panting entrails of the yet living brute. So tenacious of life is the crocodile tribe, that although several hours elapsed before I finally quitted the spot, the half eaten wretch was yet alive, and when I approached him, menaced with his own open jaws.

'The conqueror disdained to touch his fallen enemy and turned to his nobler prey; the dead elephant, whose huge carcass he mounted, and surveyed with a careful and steadfast gaze. As his frightful head was bent in downward look upon the proboscis, as if he meditated commencing his feast, I slowly raised my musket to my shoulder, and taking steady aim, sent the ball plashing through the socket of his eye. The report of the gun in those dreary solitudes, drove the rest of the crocodiles to the waters of the lagoon, the timid jackalls scampered to the woods, and the vultures sought the highest branches of the surrounding trees. The wounded beast yelled hideously with rage and pain; he rolled from the top of the carcass, and lashed the ground with his scale bound tail. One of his blows took effect upon the head of the dead elephant, and knocked the tusks asunder from the jaw. He suddenly seemed to think of his assailant, for with a roar of thunder, he darted towards the little mound behind which I had delivered my fire. Expecting this attack, I had quickly reloaded; but, blind and mad, he dashed straight at me, and I had scarcely time to place the muzzle of my musket between his jaws, and sent the ball to his heart. Had my piece missed fire I had not now been here; as it was, he crushed the barrel of my gun between his teeth, and springing forward, rolled over me, down the steep gaut, into the woody fastnesses of the deep and gloomy gorge. I raised the tusks of the dead elephant on my shoulders, and made my shortest way home.'

CEREMONY OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW PROTESTANT CHURCH AT MALTA.

On the 20th of March, her Majesty the Queen Dowager, accompanied by his excellency the governor and her suit, laid the foundation stone of the new Protestant church. A very large concourse of the British residents and of Maltese had already assembled in Strada Poncute, the site of the new church. There was a much greater proportion of English ladies present than I had over before seen together in Malta, and the scene was still further enlivened by the rich uniforms of the officers of the army and navy. Her Majesty was preceded on her way by a band of the garrison, playing 'God save the Queen,' and, moreover, by 12 clergymen of the church of England, chiefly chaplains of the navy, a rather novel and strange spectacle for this place, no Protestant service having ever been performed here publicly in the streets. Her Majesty looked extremely well, and was assisted by the governor, Lord Howe, the chief secretary, the Hon. Sir Hector Greig and Mr. Lankersheer, the architect. The stone was lowered down with all due form, and her Majesty afterwards took a coin of the present reign, and deposited it in an aperture cut in the middle of the stone; a parchment with the following writing was also deposited with the coin:—

'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will towards men.'

On the stone is engraved—

'Laus Deo, hic lapis, ædis sacra Sancti Pauli, fundamentum, propriæ Excellentissimæ et Adelaidis, Reginæ viduæ nobilis, manu positus est, Die xx. Martii. A. D. 1839. Cujus et pietate et sumptu hoc templum in usum Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ ædificatum est.'

Her Majesty was deeply attentive to the whole of the solemn ceremony, and retired amidst the intonations of the artillery of the garrison, which commenced as soon as the stone was laid. The entire assemblage was much pleased with the happy effect of the singing of the 100th Psalm by the children of the military schools, and the proper service was lead by the government and military chaplains.—*Galignani.*

QUEEN ADELAIDE.

At a meeting of the Protestant inhabitants of Malta, held in the Government Library, on Tuesday, the 5th of February, the following address to her Majesty the Queen Dowager was unanimously adopted:—

'We the Protestant population of these islands, impressed with the highest admiration at your Majesty's munificent and pious intention to build a church for our use, desire, with the profoundest respect, to offer in common some testimony, unworthy indeed but sincere, which shall mark the heartfelt gratitude with which we receive so inestimable a gift.

'From the hour of your Majesty's connection with the British Empire we have not failed to perceive, with the rest of our countrymen, the excellent influence of your Majesty's quiet example in the cause of virtue and religion upon the whole community, nor, less so, your Majesty's attachment to the pure and apostolic branch of Christ's Church established in the realm of England. Many have been the splendid occasions wherein your Majesty has been gratefully hailed as the liberal patroness of our Christian institutions; but, manifest as were these indications of your Majesty's pious zeal, we were unprepared to expect from your Majesty this accomplishment of our long cherished and most ardent wishes; and we are confident that the sacred edifice now about to adorn this city will not be reckoned the least of those noble acts which will render the honored name of your Majesty conspicuous in the page of history, and in the pious annals of the Church. By means of your Majesty's Christian benevolence a bright prospect has now opened upon us, and soon all our Protestant brethren, from the least to the greatest, will be enabled to join together in the public exercises of our holy faith. Your Majesty's visit to this island has been productive of great good to all. May it be blessed to your Majesty in a perfect restoration of health. Fervently we pray the Almighty, that your Majesty may live long to hear of, if not to witness in person, the prosperity of this your labor of love and zeal for the glory of God. And may the Lord God cause righteousness and praise to spring forth from it, a glorious proof of the faithfulness of his word, that 'Kings shall be nursing fathers and their Queens the nursing mothers of the Church.'

'*Malta, Feb.* 5, 1839.'

QUEEN ADELAIDE'S REPLY.

To the above address her Majesty has been pleased to return the following most gracious reply under her own hand:—

'I thank the Protestant inhabitants of Malta for their affectionate address. Nothing can be more gratifying to my feelings than to receive this testimony of their gratitude for a work which will give me so much real satisfaction to undertake.

'Although far distant when the sacred edifice shall be completed, I assure them that my prayers shall be offered up with theirs that St. Paul's Church may prove a blessing and a spiritual comfort to themselves and their posterity.

(Signed) 'ADELAIDE.

'*La Valletta, Feb.* 15, 1839.'

And on Monday, the 18th instant, when his Excellency the Governor was pleased to read this answer to the Protestant inhabitants re-assembled in the Government library, it was unanimously resolved—

'That a frame, or box of gold, be provided by subscription, for the purpose of preserving her Majesty's autograph letter, to be kept in the Protestant church of St. Paul, now about to be erected out of her Majesty's generous bounty; and that a committee, consisting of his Excellency the Governor, the Right Hon. J. H. Freere, Colonel Elrington, Thomas Bell, Esq. the Rev. J. Cleugh, and the Rev. J. T. H. Le Mesurier, be formed, with power to decide upon the best manner of furthering this object.

JOHN CLEUGH, *Civil Chaplain.*
J.T.H. LEMESURIER, *Military Chaplain.*
Valletta, Feb, 18, 1839.

AFFECTING STORY OF MATERNAL LOVE.

In the village of Careggi, whether it was that due precaution had not been taken, or that the disease was of a particular malignant nature, one after another, first the young and then the old of a whole family dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a laborer and mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumor appeared. This was during the absence of her husband who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday nights; bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for the family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighboring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determined not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home and going elsewhere to die. Locking them into a room, and sacrificing to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, off she ran down stairs, carrying with her the sheets, &c. that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door with a sigh, and went away; but the biggest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and seeing her running in that manner, cried out, 'Good bye, mother,' in a voice so tender that she involuntarily stopped.

'Good bye, mother,' repeated the youngest child, stretching his little hand out of the window; and thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled for a time to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length the latter conquered, and amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her. She recommended her husband and children to them and in two days she was no more!

POOR MAN'S REFRIGERATOR.—Every poor man, who has a large family, should thank a correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial, for a hint of a cheap method of preserving provisions sweet in hot weather.

Take a barrel, and bore with a gimlet about twenty holes in the bottom. Fill into the bottom 3 or 4 inches of rice-chaff, finely pulverised tan, or fine powdered charcoal; which last is the best. Place a half barrel bored in the same manner into the other, and fill in between them with either of the materials mentioned, well pounded down. The covers being both put on, the refrigerator is complete, and will be effectual at a trifling cost. By putting into the half barrel a lump of ice, wrapped in a woollen cloth, meats, butter, milk, &c., can be kept in fine order for a long time.—*Boston Times.*

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This day published by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court street.
Also—for sale as above, every variety of Juvenile Books—Sabbath school, Family, Parish, and Teacher's Libraries, furnished on the most reasonable terms. may 18

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LONDON BOOKS.—CHAS. C. LITTLE & JAS BROWN have this day received, 8 cases of Books by the Alice and Cato from London, among which are—Bayle's Dictionary, 4 vols folio; Montfaucon's Antiquities, 15 vols folio calf; Flaxman's Designs, 4 vols folio; Memoirs of Grammont, 2 vols, fine plates; Harris's Lives of the Stewarts, 5 vols; Stanhope's Olympia, folio; Sully's Memoirs, 5 vols 8vo; Transactions of the society of Arts 48 vols 8vo; Vancouver's Voyages, 6 vols, 8vo; Chandler's Travels in Greece, 2 vols, 4to; Falconer's Marine Dictionary, 4to; Memoirs of T. Hollis, 2 vols, 4to; Loudon's Arboretum, 7 vols, 8vo; Do Farm Architecture. &c,; Do Suburban Gardener; Do Encylopedias of Gardening and Agriculture; Howitt's Rural Life in England; Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol 1, new ed. to match the Novels; South's Sermons, 7 vols; Richardson's Fishes, 4to; Lyell's Geology, 4 vols; Do 1 vol; Mrs Marcet's Conversations on Land and Water; Vyera's Portsyneri Dictionary; Wilberforce's Life, 5 vols; Burnett's Own Times, 6 vols; Clarendon's Life, 3 vols; Hooker's Works, 4 vols; Harleian Miscellany, 12 vols; Lucian, 10 vols; Milton's Prose, 3 vols: Hayne's Virgil; Edinburgh Review, 33 vols; Grotius, 3 vols, Eng.; Jesse's Gleanings; Kant's Metaphysics; Milner's Poems, &c &c.

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